

TO
SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH, KNT.

K.C.B. ETC. ETC.

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE RED,

THESE

Anecdotes of Captivity

ARE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS

MOST OBEDIENT AND

MOST HUMBLE SERVANTS,

*Tholto Percy
Ruben Percy.*

THE
Percy Anecdotes.
— [II.]
ANECDOTES OF CAPTIVITY.

“ Empire o’er the sea and main
Heaven that gave can take again ;
But a mind that’s truly brave
Stands despising
Storms arising,
And can ne’er be made a slave.”

DRYDEN.

LONGINUS.

THE Queen Zenobia being at war with the Emperor Aurelian, was defeated by him near Antioch, and compelled to retire to her fortified capital, Palmyra. The emperor sent her a written summons to surrender ; to which she returned an answer drawn up by the celebrated philosopher, Longinus, which was couched in terms that raised his highest indignation. The emperor made enormous efforts to reduce the place ; and the Palmyrians were at length obliged to open their gates and receive the conqueror. Zenobia and Longinus endeavoured to escape into Persia ; but were overtaken, and made prisoners, as they were crossing the Euphrates. When the captive queen

was brought before the emperor, all her fortitude forsook her ; she laid the blame of her conduct on her counsellors ; and particularly fixed the odium of the affronting letter on its true author. Aurelian, who was hero enough to conquer, but not to forgive, now turned the whole of his vengeance on the head of the unfortunate philosopher, who was carried off to immediate execution, amid the generous condolence of those who wept to see so much merit thus cruelly sacrificed. Longinus met his fate with calmness. He expressed pity for Zenobia, and comforted his friends. He said he looked upon death as a blessing, since it rescued his body from slavery, and gave his soul the most enviable freedom. " This world," said he, with his expiring breath, " is nothing but a prison ; happy therefore he who gets soonest out of it, and gains his liberty."

CANDID CULPRIT.

The Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, passing through Barcelona, and having got leave to release some slaves, went on board the Cape Galley, and passing through the crew of slaves, he asked several of them what their offences were? Every one excused himself upon several pretences ; one said he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge ; but all of them unjustly. Among the rest, there was one sturdy little black man, whom the duke questioned as to what he was there for. " My lord," said he, " I cannot deny but I am justly put in here ; for I wanted money, and so took a purse near Tarragona, to keep me from starving." The duke on hearing

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this, gave him two or three blows on the shoulder with his stick, saying, "You rogue, what are you doing among so many honest innocent men? Get you out of their company." The poor fellow was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to tug at the oar.

THE CAPTIVES BEFORE CYRUS.

Xenophon relates, that when an Armenian prince had been taken captive, with his princess, by Cyrus, and was asked what he would give to be restored to his kingdom and liberty, he replied, "As for my kingdom and liberty, I value them not; but if my blood would redeem my princess, I would cheerfully give it for her." When Cyrus had liberated them both, the princess was asked, "What think you of Cyrus?" to which she replied, "I did not observe him; my whole attention was fixed upon the generous man who would have purchased my liberty with his life."

SERVILIA.

Among the numerous victims of the tyranny of Nero, was one Bareas Soranus, a man, as Tacitus informs us, of singular vigilance and justice in the discharge of his duty. During his confinement, his daughter Servilia was apprehended, and brought into the senate to be arraigned. The crime laid to her charge was, that she had turned into money all her ornaments and jewels, and the most valuable part of her dress, to defray the expence of consulting magicians. To this the young Servilia with a flood of

tears replied, "That she had indeed consulted magicians, but the whole of her inquiry was to know whether the Emperor and senate would afford protection and safety to her dear and indulgent parent against his accusers. "With this view," said she, "I presented the diviners, men till now utterly unknown to me, with my jewels, my apparel, and other ornaments peculiar to my quality, as I would have presented my blood and life, could they have procured my father's liberty. But whatever this my proceeding was, my unfortunate father was an utter stranger to it; and if it is a crime, I alone am guilty."

This pathetic appeal was lost on the sanguinary monster; and Servilia and her father were condemned to die.

KING AGRIPPA.

When Agrippa was in a private station, he was accused by one of his servants of having spoken injuriously of Tiberius, and was condemned by the emperor to be exposed in chains before the palace gate. The weather was very hot, and Agrippa became excessively thirsty. Seeing Thaumastus, a servant of Caligula, pass by, with a pitcher of water, he called to him, and entreated leave to drink. The servant presented the pitcher with much courtesy; and Agrippa having allayed his thirst, said to him, "Assure thyself, Thaumastus, that if I get out of this captivity, I will one day pay thee well for this glass of water." Tiberius dying, his successor, Caligula, soon after not only set Agrippa at liberty, but made him King of Judea. In this high situation, Agrippa

was not unmindful of the glass of water given to him when a captive. He immediately sent for Thaumastus, and made him comptroller of his household.

FILIAL PIETY.

Valerius Maximus relates, that a woman of distinction having been condemned to be strangled, was delivered to the triumvir, who caused her to be carried to prison in order to be put to death. The gaoler who was ordered to execute her was struck with compunction, and could not resolve to kill her. He chose however to let her die of hunger ; but meanwhile suffered her daughter to visit her in prison, taking care that she brought her nothing to eat. Many days passed over in this manner, when the gaoler at length surprised that the prisoner lived so long without food, and suspecting the daughter, took means of secretly observing their interviews. He then discovered that the affectionate daughter had all the while been nourishing her mother *with her own milk*. Amazed at so tender, and at the same time so ingenious an artifice, he related it to the triumvir, and the triumvir to the prætor, who thought the fact merited stating in the assembly of the people. This produced the happiest effects ; the criminal was pardoned, and a decree passed, that the mother and the daughter should be maintained for the remainder of their lives at the expence of the public, and that a temple, sacred to filial piety, should be erected near the prison.

ESCAPE OF CAVADES.

When Cavades, King of the Persians, was deposed and imprisoned by his subjects, his queen, who alone remained attached to him in his misfortunes, never failed to bring him necessaries with her own hands, although she was not permitted to see him. One day, while on this visit of conjugal affection, she observed that the keeper of the castle noticed her very particularly, and appeared affected at her beauty and misfortunes. She took advantage of the favourable impression, and soothed him so far as to be allowed access to her husband. Her visits were at length permitted to take place so free from observation, that one evening she managed to change clothes with her husband, who thus disguised stole out of the prison without being discovered. When the gaoler entered, he found his supposed prisoner in bed ; a few words inarticulately uttered indicated sickness as the cause ; the gaoler was satisfied, nor was the cheat discovered till some days had elapsed, and Cavades had escaped beyond the reach of pursuit. He fled to the King of the Euthalites, by whose assistance he was afterwards restored to his throne and kingdom.

BAJAZET.

Tamerlane the Great having made war on Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks, overthrew him in battle, and took him prisoner. The victor gave the captive monarch at first a very civil reception ; and entering into familiar conversation with him, said, " Now, king,

tell me freely and truly what thou wouldst have done with me, had I fallen into thy power?" Bajazet, who was of a fierce and haughty spirit, is said to have thus replied: "Had the gods given unto me the victory, I would have enclosed thee in an iron cage, and carried thee about with me as a spectacle of derision to the world." Tamerlane wrathfully replied, "Then, proud man, as thou wouldst have done to me, even so shall I do unto thee." A strong iron cage was made, into which the fallen emperor was thrust; and thus exposed like a wild beast, he was carried along in the train of his conqueror. Nearly three years were passed by the once mighty Bajazet in this cruel state of durance; and at last being told that he must be carried into Tartary, despairing of then obtaining his freedom, he struck his head with such violence against the bars of his cage, as to put an end to his wretched life.

CHOICE OF CLOVIS.

Erchionalde, Mayor of the Palace in the reign of Clovis II., bought from some pirates a girl of exquisite beauty, named Bandour, or Baltide, whom he afterwards presented to his sovereign. The monarch was so transported with her charms, that he thought he could not better grace his throne than by raising her to share it along with him. History does the fortunate fair one the justice to inform us, that while on the throne, she never forgot having been a slave, and that after the death of Clovis, having taken the veil, her mind became wholly purified from any passion for grandeur, and she appeared almost to forget that she had once been a queen.

ST. LOUIS.

At the unfortunate battle of Damietta against the Saracens, Louis IX. was taken prisoner. He bore this reverse of fortune so nobly and so magnanimously, that his enemies said to him, "We look upon you as our captive and our slave ; but though in chains, you behave to us as if we were your prisoners."

The Sultan having sent one of his generals to the king, to demand a very considerable sum of money for his ransom ; his majesty replied, "Return and tell your master, that a King of France is not to be redeemed with money ; I will give him the sum he asks for my subjects that are taken prisoners ; and I will deliver up to him the city of Damietta for my own person." And such were the terms in which the liberation of the King of France and his subjects was afterwards effected.

JOHN, KING OF FRANCE.

"This prince," says an old French chronicler very strongly, "*vendit sa propre chair en l'encam,*" sold his own flesh by auction ; for, in order to ease his subjects from some taxes he was obliged to impose upon them to pay his own ransom, when taken prisoner by Edward the Black Prince, and confined in the Tower of London, he gave his daughter Isabella in marriage to Galeas Visconti, Duke of Milan, for a considerable sum of money. This alliance, though beneath the royal race of France, did honour to the sovereign, from the excellence of the motive, and could not dis-

grace the princess, as she became the fortunate instrument of contributing to the ease and happiness of her country.

John had left in England two of his sons as hostages for the payment of his ransom. One of them, the Duke of Anjou, tired of his confinement in the Tower of London, escaped to France. His father, more generous, proposed instantly to take his place; and when the principal officers of his court remonstrated against his taking that honourable, though dangerous measure, he told them, "Why—I myself was permitted to come out of the same prison in which my son was, in consequence of the treaty of Bretagne, which he has violated by his flight. I hold myself not a free man at present. I fly to my prison. I am engaged to do it by my word; and if honour were banished from all the world besides, it should have an asylum in the breast of kings."

The magnanimous John accordingly proceeded to England, and became a second time a prisoner in the Tower of London; where he died in 1384.

EDWARD OF CAERNARVON.

As the agents of Edward the Third were conducting his unfortunate kinsman, Edward of Caernarvon, to Berkely Castle, the scene of his tragic and sorrowful end, it came into their minds that, to prevent his being recognized by the people on the road, it would be well to have his head and beard shaved. They accordingly commanded the prince to alight from his horse, and obliging him to sit down on a mound by the way side, one of the escort, who officiated as

barber, brought a bason of cold water taken out of the next ditch, observing to the king that, "for that time any water must do." The prince, deeply affected, burst into a flood of warm tears, which falling into the dish, he pathetically observed, "*Behold, monsters, Nature supplies what you would deny.*"

CAMPANELLA.

This celebrated Dominican Friar of Naples, distinguished himself in his youth in a public disputation with an old professor of his order. Irritated at having been foiled by a youth, the vindictive priest accused Campanella of treason and heresy; in consequence of which he was imprisoned twenty-seven years, and put to the rack seven times, for twenty-four hours each time. By the power of abstraction, which his mind possessed, he bore the tortures inflicted upon him with the greatest fortitude. At length he was delivered from his confinement on the solicitation of Pope Urban VIII. in 1624; when he went to Paris, and obtained the patronage of the Cardinal Richelieu.

FRANCIS I.

————— "Captivity,
That comes with honour, is true liberty."

MASSINGER.

When Francis, after having performed prodigies of valour and of personal courage, and after having two horses killed under him, was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, he was conducted captive to the

celebrated convent of Carthusian Friars, at Pavia. He sent to his mother, Louisa of Savoy, Regent of France in his absence, the melancholy news of his captivity, conceived in these dignified and expressive terms : " Tout est perdu, Madame, hormis l'honneur."

From Pavia, Francis was conducted to Madrid, where he was closely confined, and treated with great indignity, contrary to the advice given to Charles the Fifth by one of his counsellors, the Bishop of Osma, who advised his sovereign to present Francis with his liberty, with no other condition annexed to it than that of becoming his ally ; urging that it would be an act of generosity worthy of so great a monarch,

Francis suffered extremely from his imprisonment, and would most probably have died from it, had not his sister, the Queen of Navarre, visited him in his wretched and solitary state. So much did this behaviour endear his sister to him, that he always called her " son ame," " sa mignon," and notwithstanding his over strict and bigotted attachment to the Church of Rome, he permitted her to become a protestant, without interfering with her religious opinions.

When Francis was at length released from his imprisonment, and after he had crossed in a boat the small river Fontarabia, which divides Spain from France, he mounted a fleet Arabian courser that was brought him, and drawing his sword, cried out, in a tone of transport and exultation, " I am still a king!"

YOUTHFUL VICTIM.

“ I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence ; and discourse grow commendible in none only but parrots.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

In 1674, the jesuits of the College of Clermont, in the Rue St. Jaques, Paris, invited the King, Louis XIV. to witness a tragedy performed by their scholars. These able courtiers took care to insert in the piece several strokes of flattery, with which the monarch was greatly pleased. When the rector of the college was conducting the king home, a nobleman in his train applauded the success of the tragedy. Louis said, “ Do you wonder at it? *This is my college.*” The jesuits did not lose the advantage of such a declaration. The very same night they got engraved in large golden letters, on black marble, *Collegium Ludovici Magni*, instead of the former inscription, which was placed beneath the name of Jesus, on the principal gate of the college, (*Collegium Claromontanum Societatis Jesus*,) and in the morning the new inscription was put up in place of the old one. A young scholar of good family, only thirteen years of age, who was witness to the zeal of the reverend fathers, wrote the two following verses, which he posted up at night on the college gate.

“ Abstulit hinc Jesum, posuitque insignia Regis,
Impia gens ; alium non colit illa Deum.”

The jesuits discovered the young author ; he was arrested and thrown into the Bastile, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He was afterwards

transferred to the citadel of the Isle Sainte Marguerite, but brought back to the Bastile, where he remained until the year 1705. The death of some of his relatives leaving him sole heir to the family, and its great property, the jesuit Riquelet, then confessor of the Bastile, remonstrated to the order on the necessity of restoring the prisoner to liberty. The golden shower which forced the tower of Danaë, had the same effect on the castle of the Bastile, and he was released, *after having been a prisoner thirty-one years.*

“ A welcome deed ; but, sir, it comes too late ;
Like sunbeams on the blasted blossoms do
Your favours fall.”

OFFENDING A KING.

The publisher of a Leyden Gazette, who had printed a satire on Louis XIV. was secretly seized in Holland, brought away from thence, and shut up in a cage at St. Michael, a convent and prison on a neck of land on the coast of lower Normandy. This cage was about nine feet long, six broad, and eight high ; not of iron, but of strong bars of wood. It stood in the middle of a room, and as the prisoner could not possibly escape, it was evidently intended for punishment rather than security. On some of the bars were figures and landscapes, which are said to have been cut by this unhappy man with his nails. After many years confinement, he died a victim of the cruelty of Louis le Grand !

BREAKING PRISON.

The prisoners in the same St. Michael, which was the scene of the preceding tragedy, once consulted John Knox, as to the lawfulness of attempting to escape, by breaking their prison; which was opposed by some of their number, lest their escape should subject their brethren who remained in confinement, to a more severe treatment. He returned for answer, that such fears were not a sufficient reason for relinquishing the design, and that they might with a safe conscience effect their escape, provided it could be done “without the blood of any shed or spilt. To the shedding of any man’s blood for their freedom he would never consent.”

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PELISSON.

So great was the friendship of this elegant writer for his patron, M. Fouquet, Superintendant of the Finances of France, that he not only sent petitions to Louis XIV. in his favour, which Voltaire says, in style and manner, resemble the orations of Tully, but contrived to be sent to the Bastile, to give him intelligence of what had been done respecting his trial. Whilst he was confined there, he wrote a poem called *Eurymedon*; persuaded that by a great effort of application of mind to a particular subject, he should alone be able to soften the rigours of his confinement. He wrote the following lines on the walls of his cell :

“Doubles grilles à gros cloux,
Triples portes, forts verroux,

Aux ames vraiment *mechantes*
 Vous representez l'enfer,
 Mais aux ames innocentes
 Vous n'êtes que du bois, des pierres, et du fer."

GENEROUS GAOLER.

On the demolition of the Bastile of Paris, there was discovered on the walls of one of the dungeons, the following melancholy tribute to the humanity of a gaoler of former times. It would seem as if the unfortunate victim, by whose hand it was traced, had a perfect anticipation that one day or other, this den of horrors would be laid open to the world.

CHARUEL, 25 March, 1719.

Charuel hic degens, hæc tristia carmina fecit,
 Anno 1719.

Dijon, mon cher Dijon! etant de tout denue,
 Dans la necessite vous m'avez secouru, &c.

(TRANSLATION.)

Dijon, my dear Dijon! you gave me succour in my great distress. In this dismal abode you clothed my naked body with a shirt which had been often refused to my entreaties. Sure you have observed the divine precept; may God, an hundred years hence, reward you with a crown of glory! And may earth for ever preserve the memory of this generous and faithful gaoler! Happy, a thousand times happy, those who depart from the Bastile; but a thousand times more happy are those to whom its threshold is unknown---for the purest innocence will not protect those who have once set their foot here.

GROTIUS.

Grotius having taken part in the political disputes which agitated his native country, Holland, in the early part of the nineteenth century, was condemned to imprisonment for life, in the castle of Louvestein. The malice of his persecutors was, however, fortunately disappointed by the ingenuity of his wife. Having obtained permission to remove some books from the prison, she sent a large chest for the purpose; but instead of books she deposited a more valuable treasure, the illustrious Grotius himself; and the gaoler having no suspicion, he was by this means enabled to make his escape.

Nothing more strongly marks the genius and fortitude of Grotius than the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment. It does honour to religion and to science, and eminently proves the consolations which are reserved for the philosopher. While in the prison of Louvestein he resumed his law studies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy, which induced him to translate the ancient poets, collected by Stobæus, and the fragments of Menander and Philemon. Every Sunday was devoted to reading the Scriptures, and to writing his Commentaries on the New Testament. In the course of this work he fell ill, but as soon as he recovered his health, he composed his treatise in Dutch verse, on the Truth of the Christian Religion. Sacred and profane authors occupied him alternately. His only mode of refreshing his mind was to pass from

one work to another ; and although his talents produced so abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim, in a trite expression, that “ his soul was not imprisoned.”

VICTIM OF ETIQUETTE.

The preposterous degree of etiquette for which the Court of Spain has always been remarkable, proved the ruin of one of the most illustrious of Spaniards, in the person of the Duke of Ossuna. He was Viceroy of Naples, and greatly renowned for his talents, as a soldier and a statesman. In consequence of some calumnious reports, he was called to court, to give an account of his administration ; and on presenting himself to the king, being troubled with the gout, and of short stature, he carried, for matter of convenience, his sword in his hand. His majesty it seems did not like this *sword in hand* style of approaching him, and turning his back on Ossuna, left the room without speaking. The duke, probably unconscious of the cause of the king's displeasure, was much incensed at this treatment, and was overheard to mutter, “ This comes of serving boys.” The words being reported to his majesty, an order was given for Ossuna's arrest. He was committed prisoner to a monastery, not far from Madrid ; and there he continued till his beard reached his girdle. Growing then very ill, he was permitted to go to his house at Madrid, where he died about the year 1622.

SOLACE OF READING.

Among the sufferers, from the capricious despotism of Henry VIII. was Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who would most probably have perished on the scaffold, had not the timely death of the tyrant reserved him for better times. One of the articles brought against the duke was, that he had complained that he was not of the privy council; and that his majesty loved him not, because he was too much loved in the country.

In his petition to the lords, from the Tower of London, he requests to have some of the books that are at Lambeth; "for," adds he, "unless I have books to read ere I fall asleep, and after I am awake again, I cannot sleep, nor have done these dozen years. That I may hear mass, and be bound upon my life not to speak to him who says mass, which he may do in the other chamber, whilst I remain within. That I may be allowed sheets to lie on; to have license in the day time to walk in the chamber without, and in the night be locked in as I am now. I would gladly have license to send to London, to buy one book of St. Austin, *de Civitate Dei*; and one of Josephus, *de Antiquatibus*; and another of Sabellius, who doth declare, most of any book that I have read, how the Bishop of Rome, from time to time, hath usurped his power against all princes, by their unwise sufferance."

THE BASTILE OF SAXONY.

“This vast rock,” says Trenck, “is not a fortress that an enemy must subdue before he can conquer Saxony. It contains but a small garrison, incapable of making a sally; and serves only to secure the records of the country, and prisoners of state. Konigstein is the Bastile of Saxony, in which many a brave man has pined out his life in durance. When I was there, part of the rock was blown up to form casemates. In doing this, there was found a dungeon bored in the solid stone, to the depth of sixty fathoms. At the bottom of this dungeon appeared a bedstead, on which a skeleton reposed, and by its side the remains of a dead dog. Mournful sight for a heart possessed of the feelings of a man! How savage the tyrant that can invent such tortures for his fellow creatures, and can lie down on his pillow, conscious that in a hole like this, a man is slowly consuming the lamp of life, feebly supported by vain hopes of compassion. Even now,” adds Trenck, “the walls of this prison confine three persons not unworthy of notice. One of these was private secretary to the Court of Saxony, and in the year 1756, betrayed the secrets of the Dresden archives to the King of Prussia. He was taken in Poland; and has now been four and thirty years in a dungeon; he still lives---but his appearance is more that of a wild beast than of a man.

“Another is Colonel Acton. He who is acquainted with the secret history of Dresden, will remember the horrid poison scheme which was detected, but was

thought proper to be kept secret. Acton was chief in this conspiracy.

“ The third is a fine young Swede. Six years ago he was arrested at Leipsic, at the private request of the King of Sweden, and brought to Konigstein in a mask. When he was taken, he defended himself like a lion, claiming his right to be protected by the law of nations. This man is excluded from the light of day. No one sees him ; no one speaks to him ; and, on pain of death, no one must know what is his name, who he is, or even that he is there. From what I could learn, he is no criminal ; he has had no trial ; but some state or love intrigue at the Swedish court, has brought on him his fate. Pity him reader ! he has no deliverance to hope for, but in death ; for the Elector has promised the King of Sweden, that he shall never behold the beams of the sun. He is now under thirty years of age, and the worthy governor cannot speak of him without the tear of compassion in his eyes : he shrugs up his shoulders, looks up to Heaven, and says it is the Elector’s order, and I must obey. God help him ! ”

MILTIADES.

The hero of Marathon was in his latter days fined fifty talents for failing in an enterprise of indifferent consequence ; and being without the means of paying it, was committed to prison for the default, though suffering severely at the time from a wound in the thigh. To be grateful or generous is not among the virtues of republics ; otherwise a draft on the ample glory of former years might have sufficed for payment

of the fine for one miscarriage. For this paltry consideration of fifty talents, the wounded Miltiades languished in prison, till his son, Cimon, found the means of paying the money ; but still suffering from his wounds, and suffering probably more from justly wounded feeling, he did not long survive his enlargement.

FRIENDLY IMPRISONMENT.

Duncan Creach M'Gregor, alias Campbell, like the celebrated Rob Roy, was a sort of gentleman dealer in cattle, and much esteemed by the late Duke of Argyle, on account of his inviolable sincerity. His grace had not attained the title, when in the commencement of those intrigues that produced the rebellion in 1745, the heir of Mamore understood Duncan Creach was on the point of involving himself in the Stuart cause. He sent for the drover, and told him he had grounds to doubt his loyalty. Duncan was silent ; and the duke taking his silence as a tacit acknowledgment, asked how a true protestant, a man whose independent spirit would be tenacious of liberty, religious and civil, could reconcile with a due regard to his own rights, and the rights of his countrymen, an enterprise in favour of a race whose Romish superstition and arbitrary government were notorious ? " Sir," replied Duncan, " the heart and head of men far wiser than I are often at variance. The head has eyes ; the heart has feelings. My head tells me that the questions you asked were calculated to prove me a traitor, and the arguments you have used prove me a fool. Yet, sir, if it were needful, I

would count my life cheap for your service ; and though I can spy in my chief some things not quite to my mind, I am bound to follow, not to question where he would lead me. Can less fealty be due to my hereditary king ?” The heir of Mamore saw Duncan was above denying his intention, yet shunned an explanation, lest he might implicate others. He managed to get an order for confining Duncan Creach M’Gregor, alias Campbell, as a suspected person ; and by a short imprisonment saved him from execution, or exile. Shortly after Duncan was furnished with free quarters in the jail of Inverary, the heir of Mamore passed the windows ; and Duncan, to intimate that he knew to whom he owed his detention, called out through the bars, “ When the heart is too strong for the head, fools are laid by the heels.”

So highly was Duncan Creach esteemed for his sincerity and uprightness, that when through the vicissitudes of his precarious occupation he became insolvent, several gentlemen subscribed a sum of money to enable him to resume business. He was in a few years enabled to repay these generous friends ; and soon after called a meeting of his former creditors, to whom he also paid twenty shillings in the pound.

BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

Perhaps history has never furnished a tale so full of horror, as that of the British subjects who were confined, and most of them suffocated to death, in the Black Hole of Calcutta, on the capture of that city in 1756. The genius of tyranny could

not possibly devise a more excruciating mode of torture and death, than what these unfortunate victims of the fate of war experienced. Mr. Hollwell, one of the few survivors of the melancholy catastrophe, has given to the world an affecting narrative of all the circumstances attending it; and though rather long for the plan of our work, it possesses a degree of tender and sustained interest which equally forbids exclusion and abridgement.

“Figure to yourself, (says Mr. Hollwell) if possible, the situation of a hundred and forty-six wretches, exhausted by continual fatigue and action, thus crammed together in a cube of about eighteen feet, in a close sultry night, in Bengal, shut up to the eastward and southward (the only quarters from whence air could reach us) by dead walls, and by a wall and door to the north, open only to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, from which we could receive scarce any the least circulation of fresh air.

“What must ensue, appeared to me in lively and dreadful colours, the instant I cast my eyes round, and saw the size and situation of the room.

“Amongst the guards posted at the windows, I observed an old Jemmautdaar near me, who seemed to carry some compassion for us in his countenance; and indeed he was the only one of the many in his station, who discovered the least trace of humanity. I called him to me, and, in the most persuasive terms I was capable, urged him to commiserate the sufferings he was a witness to, and pressed him to endeavour to get us separated, half in one place, and half in another; and that he should, in the morning, receive a thousand

rupees for this act of tenderness. He promised he would attempt it, and withdrew ; but in a few minutes returned, and told me it was impossible. I then thought I had been deficient in my offer, and promised him two thousand ; he withdrew a second time, but returned soon, and (with I believe much real pity and concern) told me it was not practicable ; that it could not be done but by the Suba's order, and that no one dared awake him. During this interval, though their passions were less violent, their uneasiness increased. We had been but few minutes confined, before every one fell into a perspiration so profuse, you can form no idea of it. This consequently brought on a raging thirst, which still increased, in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture. Various expedients were thought of to give more room and air. To obtain the former, it was moved to put off their clothes ; this was approved, as a happy motion, and, in a few minutes, I believe every man was stripped (myself, Mr. Court, and two wounded young gentlemen by me excepted) ; for a little time they flattered themselves with having gained a mighty advantage ; every hat was put in motion to produce a circulation of air, and Mr. Baillie proposed, that every man should sit down on his hams : as they were truly in the situation of drowning wretches, no wonder they caught at every thing that bore a flattering appearance of saving themselves. This expedient was several times put in practice, and at each time many of the poor creatures, whose natural strength was less than others, or had been more exhausted, and could not immediately recover their legs, as others did when the word was given to RISE,

fell to rise no more ; for they were instantly trod to death, or suffocated. When the whole body sat down, they were so closely wedged together, that they were obliged to use many efforts, before they could put themselves in motion to get up again. Before nine o'clock every man's thirst grew intolerable, and respiration difficult. Our situation was much more wretched than that of so many miserable animals in an exhausted receiver ; no circulation of fresh air sufficient to continue life, nor yet enough divested of its vivifying particles to put a speedy period to it. Efforts were again made to force the door, but in vain. Many insults were used to the guard to provoke them to fire in upon us (which, as I learned afterwards, were carried to much greater lengths, when I was no more sensible of what was transacted). For my own part, I hitherto felt little pain or uneasiness, but what resulted from my anxiety for the sufferings of those within. By keeping my face between two of the bars, I obtained air enough to give my lungs easy play, though my perspiration was excessive, and thirst commencing. At this period, so strong a urinous volatile effluvia came from the prison, that I was not able to turn my head that way, for more than a few seconds at a time. Now every body, excepting those situated in and near the windows, began to grow outrageous, and many delirious : " WATER, WATER," became the general cry. And the old Jemmautdaar before-mentioned, taking pity on us, ordered the people to bring some skins of water, little dreaming, I believe, of its fatal effects. This was what I dreaded. I foresaw it would prove the ruin of the small chance left us, and

essayed many times to speak to him privately to forbid its being brought; but the clamour was so loud, it became impossible. The water appeared. Words cannot paint to you the universal agitation and raving, the sight of it threw us into. I had flattered myself that some, by preserving an equal temper of mind, might outlive the night; but now the reflection which gave me the greatest pain was, that I saw no possibility of one escaping to tell the dismal tale. Until the water came, I had myself not suffered much from thirst, which instantly grew excessive. We had no means of conveying it into prison, but by hats forced through the bars; and thus myself and Messrs. Coles and Scot (notwithstanding the pain they suffered from their wounds) supplied them as fast as possible. But those, who have experienced intense thirst, or are acquainted with the cause and nature of this appetite, will be sufficiently sensible it could receive no more than a momentary alleviation; the cause still subsisted. Though we brought full hats through the bars, there ensued such violent struggles, and frequent contests, to get at it, that before it reached the lips of any one, there would be scarcely a small tea-cup full left in them. These supplies, like sprinkling water on fire, only served to feed and raise the flame. Oh! my dear sir, how shall I give you a conception of what I felt at the cries and ravings of those in the remoter parts of the prison, who could not entertain a probable hope of obtaining a drop, yet could not divest themselves of expectation, however unavailing! and others calling on me by the tender considerations of friendship and affection, and who knew they were really dear to me. Think, if

possible, what my heart must have suffered at seeing and hearing their distress, without having it in my power to relieve them : for the confusion now became general and horrid. Several quitted the other window (the only chance they had for life) to force their way to the water, and the throng and press upon the window was beyond bearing; many forcing their passage from the further part of the room, pressed down those in their way who had less strength, and trampled them to death. Can it gain belief, that this scene of misery proved entertainment to the brutal wretches without? but so it was; and they took care to keep us supplied with water, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing us fight for it, as they phrased it, and held up lights to the bars, that they might lose no part of the inhuman diversion. From about nine to near eleven, I sustained this cruel scene and painful situation, still supplying them with water, though my legs were almost broke with the weight against them. By this time I myself was very near pressed to death, and my two companions with Mr. William Parker (who had forced himself into the window) were *really* so. For a great while they preserved a respect and a regard to me, more than indeed I could well expect, our circumstances considered; but now all distinction was lost. My friend Baillie, Messrs. Jenks, Revely, Law, Buchanan, Simson, and several others, for whom I had a real esteem and affection, had for some time been dead at my feet; and were now trampled upon by every corporal or common soldier, who by the help of more robust constitutions, had forced their way to the window, and held fast by the bars over me, till at last

I became so pressed and wedged up, I was deprived of all motion. Determined now to give every thing up, I called to them, and begged, as the last instance of their regard, they would remove the pressure upon me, and permit me to retire out of the window, to die in quiet. They gave way, and with much difficulty I forced a passage into the centre of the prison, where the throng was less by the many dead (then I believe amounting to one third), and the numbers who flocked to the windows ; for by this time they had water also at the other window.

“In the Black Hole there is a platform, raised between three and four feet from the floor, open underneath ; extending the whole length of the east side of the prison, and above six feet wide. I travelled over the dead, and repaired to the further end of it, just opposite the other window, and seated myself on the platform between Mr. Dumbleton and Captain Stevenson, the former just then expiring. I was still happy in the same calmness of mind I had preserved the whole time ; death I expected as unavoidable, and only lamented its slow approach, though the moment I quitted the window, my breathing grew short and painful. Here my poor friend, Mr. Edward Eyre, came staggering over the dead to me, and with his usual coolness and good nature, asked me how I did ? but fell and expired before I had time to make him any reply. I laid myself down on some of the dead behind me, on the platform ; and recommending myself to heaven, had the comfort of thinking my sufferings could have no long duration. My thirst grew now insupportable, and difficulty of breathing much increased ; I had not remained in this situation, I believe, ten minutes,

when I was seized with a pain in my breast, and palpitation of my heart, both to the most exquisite degree. These roused and obliged me to get up again ; but still the pain, palpitation, thirst, and difficulty of breathing increased. I retained my senses notwithstanding, and had the grief to see death not so near me as I hoped ; but could no longer bear the pains I suffered without attempting a relief, which I knew fresh air would and could only give me. I instantly determined to push for the window opposite to me ; and by an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed, gained the third rank at it, with one hand seized a bar, and by that means gained the second, though I think there were at least six or seven ranks between me and the window. In a few moments my pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing ceased ; but my thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud for “ WATER FOR GOD’S SAKE : ” I had been concluded dead ; but as soon as they heard me amongst them, they had still the respect and tenderness for me, to cry out, “ GIVE HIM WATER, GIVE HIM WATER ! ” Nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it until I had drank. But from the water I found no relief ; my thirst was rather increased by it ; so I determined to drink no more, but patiently wait the event ; and kept my mouth moist, from time to time, by sucking the perspiration out of my shirt sleeves, and catching the drops as they fell, like heavy rain from my head and face : you can hardly imagine how unhappy I was if any of them escaped my mouth. I came into prison without coat or waistcoat ; the season was too hot to bear the former, and the latter tempted the avarice of one of the guards, who robbed me of it when we were

under the Veranda. Whilst I was at this second window, I was observed by one of my miserable companions on the right of me, in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt sleeve. He took the hint, and robbed me, from time to time, of a considerable part of my store ; though, after I detected him, I had ever the address to begin on that sleeve first, when I thought my reservoirs were sufficiently replenished ; and our mouths and noses often met in the contest. This plunderer, I found afterwards, was a worthy young gentleman in the service, Mr. Lushington, one of the few who escaped from death, and since paid me the compliment of assuring me, he believed he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from my sleeves. I mention this incident, as I think nothing can give you a more lively idea of the melancholy state and distress we were reduced to. Before I hit upon this happy expedient, I had, in an ungovernable fit of thirst, attempted a different liquid ; but it was so intensely bitter there was no enduring a second taste, whereas no Bristol water could be more soft or pleasant than what arose from perspiration. By half an hour past eleven the much greater number of those living were in an outrageous delirium, and the others quite ungovernable ; few retaining any calmness, but the ranks next the windows. By what I had felt myself, I was fully sensible what those within suffered ; but had only pity to bestow upon them, not then thinking how soon I should myself become a greater object of it. They all now found that water, instead of relieving, rather heightened their uneasiness ; and, “AIR, AIR,” was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the

guard, all the opprobrious names and abuse that the Suba, Monickshund, &c. could be loaded with, were repeated to provoke the guard to fire upon us, every man that could rushing tumultuously towards the windows, with eager hopes of meeting the first shot. Then a general prayer to heaven, to hasten the approach of the flames to the right and left of us, and put a period to our misery. But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted, laid themselves down and expired quietly upon their fellows: others who had yet some strength and vigour left, made a last effort for the windows, and several succeeded by leaping and scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks, and got hold of the bars, from which there was no removing them. Many to the right and left sunk with the violent pressure, and were soon suffocated; for now a steam arose from the living and the dead, which affected us in all its circumstances, as if we were forcibly held with our heads over a bowl full of strong volatile spirit of hartshorn, until suffocated; nor could the effluvia of the one be distinguished from the other, and frequently, when I was forced by the load upon my head and shoulders, to hold my face down, I was obliged, near as I was to the window, instantly to raise it again to escape suffocation. I need not, my dear friend, ask your commiseration, when I tell you, that in this plight, from half an hour past eleven till near two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man, with his knees in my back, and the pressure of his whole body on my head. A Dutch serjeant, who had taken his seat upon my left shoulder, and a Topaz (a black Christian soldier) bearing on my right; all

which nothing could have enabled me long to support, but the props and pressure equally sustaining me all around. The two latter I frequently dislodged, by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs ; but my friend above stuck fast, and as he held by two bars, was immoveable.

“ I exerted a-new my strength and fortitude ; but the repeated trials and efforts I made to dislodge the insufferable incumbrances upon me, at last quite exhausted me ; and, towards two o'clock, finding I must quit the window, or sink where I was, I resolved on the former, having bore, truly for the sake of others, infinitely more for life than the best of it is worth. In the rank close behind me was an officer of one of the ships, whose name was Carey, and who had behaved with much bravery during the siege (his wife, a fine woman, though country born, would not quit him, but accompanied him into the prison, and was one who survived). This poor wretch had been long raving for water and air ; I told him I was determined to give up life, and recommended his gaining my station. On my quitting, he made a fruitless attempt to get my place ; but the Dutch serjeant, who sat on my shoulder, supplanted him. Poor Carey expressed his thankfulness, and said he would give up life too ; but it was with the utmost labour we forced our way from the window (several in the inner ranks appearing to me dead standing, unable to fall by the throng and equal pressure around). He laid himself down to die ; and his death, I believe, was very sudden ; for he was a short, full, sanguine man. His strength was great ; and, I imagine, had he not retired with me, I should never have been

able to have forced my way. I was at this time sensible of no pain, and little uneasiness : I can give you no better idea of my situation, than by repeating my simile of the bowl of spirit of hartshorn. I found a stupor coming on apace, and laid myself down by that gallant old man, the Rev. Mr. Jervas Bellamy, who lay dead with his son, the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison. When I had lain there some little time, I still had reflection enough to suffer some uneasiness in the thought, that I should be trampled upon, when dead, as I myself had done to others. With some difficulty I raised myself, and gained the platform a second time, where I presently lost all sensation ; the last trace of sensibility that I have been able to recollect after my laying down, was my sash being uneasy about my waist, which I untied, and threw from me. Of what passed in this interval, to the time of my resurrection from this hole of horrors, I can give you no account ; and indeed, the particulars mentioned by some of the gentlemen who survived (solely by the number of those dead, by which they gained a freer accession of air, and approach to the windows) were so excessively absurd and contradictory, as to convince me very few of them retained their senses ; or, at least, lost them soon after they came into the open air, by the fever they carried out with them.

“ In my own escape from absolute death the hand of heaven was manifestly exerted : the manner take as follows. When the day broke, and the gentlemen found that no entreaties could prevail to get the door opened, it occurred to one of them (I think to Mr. Secretary Cook) to make a search for me, in hopes I

might have influence enough to gain a release from this scene of misery. Accordingly Messrs. Lushington and Walcot undertook the search, and by my shirt discovered me under the dead upon the platform. They took me from thence, and imagining I had some signs of life, brought me towards the window I had first possession of. But as life was equally dear to every man, (and the stench arising from the dead bodies was grown intolerable) no one would give up the station in or near the window: so they were obliged to carry me back again. But soon after Captain Mills (now captain of the company's yacht) who was in possession of a seat in the window, had the humanity to offer to resign it. I was again brought by the same gentlemen, and placed in the window. At this juncture the Suba, who had received an account of the havoc death had made amongst us, sent one of his Jemmautdaars to enquire if the chief survived. They shewed me to him; told him I had the appearance of life remaining, and believed I might recover if the door was opened very soon. This answer being returned to the Suba, an order came immediately for our release, it being then near six in the morning. The fresh air at the window soon brought me to life; and a few minutes after the departure of the Jemmautdaar, I was restored to my sight and senses. The little strength that remained amongst the most robust who survived, made it a difficult task to remove the dead piled up against the door; so that I believe it was more than twenty minutes before we obtained a passage out for one at a time.

Of the one hundred and forty-six persons confined in this dreadful place, *one hundred and twenty-three* perished during the night.

INEXORABLE CREDITOR.

The following affecting narrative of the cruelty of a creditor towards an unfortunate debtor, is to be found among the notes to a volume of American Poetry, lately published at Philadelphia by Mr. Woodworth.

“ Some years since a young man by the name of Brown was cast into the prison of this city for debt. His manners were very interesting. His fine dark eyes beamed so much intelligence, his lively countenance expressed so much ingenuousness, that I was induced, contrary to my usual rule, to seek his acquaintance. Companions in misery, soon become attached to each other.

“ Brown was informed that one of his creditors would not consent to his discharge ; that he had abused him very much, (as is usual in such cases) and made a solemn oath to keep him in jail “ *till he rotted !*” I watched Brown’s countenance when he received this information ; and whether it was fancy or not, I cannot say, but I thought I saw the cheering spirit of hope in that moment desert him for ever.

“ Nothing gave Brown pleasure but the daily visit of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation, she was able to give him sometimes soup, wine, and fruit ; and every day, clear or stormy, she visited the prison to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel, administering consolation to a man about to converse with angels. One day passed the hour of one o’clock, and she came not. Brown was

uneasy. Two, three, and four passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived. Mrs. Brown was very dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsive fit. As soon as Brown received this information, he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open ; and the jailor, who had just let some one in, was closing it as Brown passed violently through it. The jailor knocked him down with a massy iron key which he held in his hand ; and Brown was carried back lifeless, and covered with blood, to his cell.

“ Mrs. Brown died ; and her husband was denied even the said privilege of closing her eyes. He lingered for some time, till, at last, he called me one day, and gazing on me, while a faint smile played upon his lips, he said, “ he believed death was more kind than his creditors.” After a few convulsive struggles, he expired.

“ Legislators and sages of America ! permit me to ask you, how much benefit has that creditor derived from the imprisonment, and consequent death, of an amiable man, in the bloom of youth, who, without this cruelty, might have flourished, even now, an ornament and a glory to the nation ?”

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

On the breaking out of the last Cherokee war, prior to the American revolution, Colonel Sinclair sent Mr. David Menzies, a surgeon, to visit a gang of Negroes at a new settlement, situated on the Oconie River, which is a stream of the Alatamahaw, and joins a branch of the Savannah, about seventy miles

from the town of Augusta, in Georgia, and about one hundred miles distant from the nearest town of the Indians. The following account of the sufferings which Mr. Menzies endured, is from his own pen, and has been confirmed by the celebrated Logan, who rescued him.

“ On the night I arrived at Colonel Sinclair’s plantations, we were surrounded by a party of Cherokees; and, as we made no resistance, were all taken alive. We were then driven away before them, laden with pillage, into their own country, excepting two negroes, who being sick and unable to keep pace with us, they scalped and left on the path. In proceeding to the Indian town, I understood (having some knowledge of their language) that these Cherokees had lost in the expedition one of their head warriors, in a skirmish with some of our rangers, and that I was destined to be presented to that chief’s mother and family in his room; at which I was overjoyed, as knowing that I had thereby a chance, not only of being secured from death and torture, but even of good usage and caresses. I perceived, however, that I had much overrated my matter of consolation, as soon as I was introduced to the mother of their hero. She sat squat on the ground, with a bear’s cub in her lap, as nauseous a figure as the accumulated infirmities of decrepitude, undisguised by art, could make her; and instead of courteously inviting her captive to replace, by adoption, her slain child, she fixed her blood-shot haggard eyes upon me; then rivetting them on the ground, gurgled through her throat my rejection and destruction.

“ The famous Logan, a chief of another territory,

some of whose hunters were in the party who took us, sent to interpose for my life, and offered a great supply of gunpowder, shot, flints, provisions, and rum for my ransom; but his offers were refused,---the feast of revenge was too delicious for the old ferocious savage.

“ My head ran on nothing now but stones, sticks, pitch-pine, scalping-knives, tomahawks, and the other instruments of savage cruelty; but I was mistaken in that too, and reserved, alas! for new and unheard of torments. These Indians, in one of their late excursions into South Carolina, had met, it seems, with some larded venison, which pleased their taste; in consequence of which they had carried off some larding pins, as well as a quantity of bacon; and my Cannibal mistress had determined to make, by means of an Indian who had seen the operation in Carolina, an application of this discovery to human flesh.

“ When it was evening, these Barbarians brought me, entirely naked, before a large fire, kindled in the midst of the diabolical heroine's hut, around which the three or four other families, who were also inmates of this Indian house, with other savages, were collected, with store of rum before them, and every other preparation towards a feast. Two young torturers, having first bound me to a stake, began to experiment on me the culinary operation of larding. After they had larded my left side, so as to exhibit a complete hemiplegia of bacon, they turned it close to the fire, and proceeded on the other. This performance took up much time, on account of the inexperience of the operators, as well as my struggling, in which I afforded infinite merriment to the old

hag and her company--the pin not merely going through the insensible epidermis, but lacerating also the pyramidal papilæ of the cutis, which anatomists agree to be the seat of feeling; and as the savages all the while plied their rum impatiently, the whole assembly were soon intoxicated.

“ Fortunately at this moment an alarm was given that Logan was arrived, and had set fire to the town; my executioners fled, leaving me roasting, and the old hag and some others fast asleep. I did not let this providential opportunity slip me; but instantly disengaged my right arm (at the expense of the palmaris brevis museli, and with a dislocation of the eighth bone of the carpus), and fell to untying [myself with expedition. I then escaped into the town, whence I dashed into the woods, having only stayed just long enough to place some of the fire-brands in a position to fire the cabin, and not having forgotten to lay a small one in the lap of my inhuman she-tyrant.

“ When I perceived that I was not pursued, I looked back, and saw with great satisfaction the Indian town in flames. I continued my flight through the wilderness, chiefly by night, steering south-east; but was soon alarmed at the immediate danger I found myself in of starving, unprovided as I was with fire-arms; yet from this imminent distress was I preserved by the very cruelty of the Indians; nor am I ashamed to express, that I sustained famished nature by the bacon that was saturated with the juices of my own body.

“ I penetrated at last through all difficulties to Augusta, where I was entertained with great huma-

nity and civility by Justice Ray ; and was cured of my wounds, and of the fever, their symptomatic consequence. And so far am I from experiencing any material detriment by this Indian treatment (for I am above accounting a few scars on my cheek such), that I have received, I imagine, a momentary benefit from it, as I have got entirely rid of a paralytic complaint, with which I had been for years afflicted in my left side, which was roasted."

COUNT MARSIGLI.

This distinguished soldier and philosopher commanded a body of infantry in the war between the Imperialists and the Turks at the close of the seventeenth century. When the Turkish army had forced the passage of the Raab, Count Marsigli, deserted by his men and wounded, fell into the hands of the Tartars, who sold him for a trifling sum to the governor of Temeswar. By him he was carried as a slave to the siege of Vienna, where he was bought by two brothers of Bosnia. On the retreat of the Turkish army, after their defeat by Sobieski, Marsigli was obliged to travel for eighteen successive hours, dragged at his master's stirrup till he was almost dead with fatigue, and narrowly escaped being massacred with the other captives. He arrived at length at Bosnia, where he remained in captivity till his friends found means to relieve him.

Two circumstances connected with the captivity of Count Marsigli, strongly mark his generosity and goodness of heart. Being appointed the Imperial commissioner for fixing the boundaries between the

two empires in Hungary and Dalmatia, the count in 1700, with a splendid escort, travelled through the frontiers in the execution of his trust. Arriving in the neighbourhood where the Turkish brothers resided, to whom he had been captive, he caused them to be sought out and brought to him. They were in a state of abject poverty, having been defrauded by the bashaw of the money paid for his ransom. Looking upon them as the preservers of his life, though from an interested motive, he not only presented them with his purse, but wrote in their favour to the grand vizier, who paid a generous attention to his recommendation.

The other instance is still more striking. As he was one day at the Port of Marseilles surveying a galley just arrived, he recognized among the slaves a Turk, who had been employed, when he was a captive in Bosnia, to bind him every night to a stake to prevent his escape. The man also knew him, and conscious that he had treated him with little humanity, fell at his feet, and implored forgiveness. The count raised him, relieved his necessities, and wrote to the minister of the marine to obtain his liberty from the king, which was granted.

FORTUNE WELL TOLD.

A young lady, a native of Martinique, and a Creole, was on her voyage to France, with the design of being educated there, when the merchant vessel on board of which she was a passenger was captured by an Algerine cruiser, and taken into Algiers. The fair captive was at first overwhelmed with affliction at

the prospect of captivity before her ; but as passion gave way to meditation, it came to her recollection that an old negress had predicted that she would one day become one of the greatest princesses in the world ! “ Ah ! ” exclaimed she, for superstition was in this instance but the hand-maid of inclination, “ it is doubtless so, I am to be a princess. Well, I must not quarrel with fortune. Who knows what may come out of this ? ” So strong did this prepossession grow upon the young lady, that ere she reached the Barbary shore, she was as much a fatalist in point of resignation, as any devotee of Islamism could possibly be. The French consul at Algiers immediately offered to ransom his countrywoman ; but no ; the fair Creole would not be ransomed, for fear of offending fortune, by resorting to so vulgar a way of recovering her liberty. So to the Seraglio of the Dey of Algiers the lady went ; and strange indeed to tell, from his highness’s seraglio, she was sent as a present to the Grand Seignior, who was so struck with her beauty and manners (for in both she was excelling), that he elevated her to the dignity of his favourite Sultana ! Such was the singular rise of the late Sultana Valide, who died in 1818, and was the mother of the present Grand Seignior.

GENEROUS CONQUERORS.

When the celebrated dramatist, Cumberland, was once on a voyage to Lisbon in the Milford, she engaged and captured a French frigate ; on which occasion he wrote the well known song,

“ ’Twas up the wind three leagues and more,” &c.

The sailors were delighted with the song ; but such was the honourable respect which they had for a brave enemy, that nothing could induce them to sing it aloud as long as their prisoners were on board ; subsequently, a *Milford* man would sing nothing else.

SOCIVIZCA, THE GREEK ROBBER.

From the year 1745 to 1760, the Turks were greatly annoyed on their Venetian frontier by a bandit of the name of Socivizca, who had conceived an inveterate animosity against the whole Ottoman race, and made them the constant and exclusive objects of his marauding enterprizes. At length pursued on every side, and anxious for a short repose, Socivizca retired with his family to Carlowitz, in the Austrian dominions, where he resided for three years, distinguished during the whole period for the most irreproachable conduct.

While living here in peace, he was betrayed into the hands of a Turkish Pacha, who had most cruelly put to death one of his brothers, and his wife and children were soon after entrapped in the same manner. Fortune had not however yet deserted Socivizca. As the Turks were conducting him to Traunick, he contrived to make his escape from them, though he had still the mortification to leave his family prisoners.

When his own safety was insured, he negotiated with the Pacha for the liberty of his wife and children, but in vain. All other methods failing, he determined to write ; and his letter is a curious specimen of social feeling, operating on a rugged mind and ardent disposition. It was in these terms :

“ I am informed, O Pacha of Bosnia ! that you complain of my escape ; but I put it to yourself, what would you have done in my place ? Would you have suffered yourself to be bound with cords like a miserable beast, and led without resistance by men, who, as soon as they arrived at a certain place, would in all probability have put you to death ? Nature impels us to avoid destruction, and I have only acted in obedience to her laws.

“ Tell me, Pacha, what crime have my wife and children committed, that, in spite of law and justice, you should retain them like slaves ? Perhaps you hope to render me more submissive ; but you cannot surely expect that I shall return to you, and hold forth my arms to be loaded with fresh chains ? No, you do but deceive yourself, and render me more terrible than before : Here me then, Pacha ; you may exhaust on them all your fury, without producing the least advantage. On my part I declare, I will wreak my vengeance on all the Turks, your subjects, who may fall into my hands ; and I will omit no means of injuring you. For the love of God, restore to me, I beseech you, my blood. Obtain my pardon from my sovereign, and no longer retain in your memory my past offences. I promise that I will then leave your subjects in tranquillity, and even serve them as a guide when necessary.

“ If you refuse me this favour, expect from me all that despair can prompt. I will assemble my friends, carry destruction wherever you reside, pillage your property, plunder your merchants ; and from this moment, if you pay no attention to my entreaties, I swear that I will massacre every Turk that falls into my hands.”

The Pacha did not think proper to pay any attention to the letter of a highway robber, and Socivizca was not slow in carrying into effect the vow he had made. He desolated the country, giving proofs of a prodigious valour; insomuch that the people were obliged to entreat the Pacha to deliver them from so great a scourge, by sending back his wife and children. The Pacha, however, was inexorable, and it was only by a fortunate co-operation of force and stratagem, of the particulars of which we are not correctly informed, that he succeeded at last in obtaining the liberty of his family.

Shortly after his troop took prisoner a Turk, who had favoured the escape of one of Socivizca's brothers. The brother, in opposition to the wish of the chief and the rest of the band, was anxious to return the favour. The captive was destined to die; but the grateful robber, while Socivizca was at prayers, a ceremony which he never omitted before meals, set him at liberty: All the band were outrageous against the brother of Socivizca, and one of his nephews carried his resentment so far, as to give him a blow; the indignant uncle drew a pistol, and killed the aggressor on the spot; Socivizca at the same time expelled his brother from the troop; and after performing the funeral obsequies of his nephew, felt so great a degree of mortification, that he determined to pass the remainder of his days in retirement.

But the habits of a long life are not so easily changed; after a short retreat, Socivizca suddenly resumed his system of hostilities against the Turks.

Yet how instructive is the sequel of this extraordinary man's life! After as many massacres and rob-

beries as would have outweighed the souls of a thousand men, he found himself in possession of no more than six hundred sequins ; part of this sum he confided to a friend, and part to a cousin, both of whom absconded with their respective deposits.

At length, in 1775, the Emperor Joseph II. passing by Grazach, was desirous to see him ; he had him brought into his presence, and made him repeat the chief events of his life ; after which, besides making him a considerable present in money, he appointed him to the post of Anambassa of Pandours.

RICHARD II.

When Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV. landed in England, his first object was to seize on the person of Richard II. This was effected by the treachery of the Earl of Northumberland, who, like Judas, perjured himself on the body of our lord, and betrayed his sovereign. Richard was carried prisoner to Flint, where he abandoned himself to those reflections which his melancholy situation inspired. The unfortunate king rose after a sleepless night, heard mass, and ascended the tower to watch the arrival of his opponent. At length he saw the army, amounting to eighty thousand men, winding along the beach, till it reached the castle, and surrounded it from sea to sea. He shuddered and wept, but was aroused from his reflections by a summons to dinner. The Earl of Salisbury, the bishop, and the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroop, and Sir William Feriby, sat with him at the same table, by his order ; for since they were all companions in misfortune, he would allow no distinction

among them. While he was eating, unknown persons entered the hall, insulting him with sarcasms and threats ; as soon as he rose, he was summoned into the court to receive the Duke of Lancaster. Henry came forward in complete armour, with the exception of his helmet. As soon as he saw the king, he bent his knee, and advancing a few paces, repeated his obeisance. "Fair cousin of Lancaster," said Richard, uncovering himself, "you are right welcome." "My lord," answered the duke, "I am come before my time, but I will shew you the reason. Your people complain, that for the space of twenty, or two and twenty years, you have ruled them rigorously ; but if it please God, I will help you to govern better." The king replied, "Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me well." Henry then addressed himself to the bishop and the knights, but refused to notice the earl. The king's horses were immediately ordered ; and two lean and miserable animals were brought out, on which Richard and Salisbury mounted, and amidst the sound of trumpets and shouts of triumph, followed the duke into Chester.

The unfortunate Richard was afterwards conveyed to the Tower, where he was compelled to resign his crown ; and lastly he was removed to Pontefract Castle, where he terminated his life, though in what way seems still doubtful. It was said, that from the moment in which he heard of the execution of his brothers, the Earls of Kent and Huntingdon, he had obstinately refused to take any nourishment. But the report obtained little credit ; and though the king repeatedly asserted his innocence, both natives and foreigners refused to believe that the man whose am-

bition had seized the crown, could feel any scruple in taking the life of his rival. The general belief was, that Richard had been starved to death by the orders of Henry, and that he lingered fifteen days before he expired. According to another account (mentioned by a contemporary,) Sir Robert Exton, with seven assassins, arrived at Pontefract on the eighth day after Henry had left Windsor. When Richard saw them enter his cell, aware of their design, he darted into the midst of them, wrested a battle axe from one of the number, and laid several at his feet. But Exton gave him a stroke on the back of the head, which brought him to the floor, and with a second stroke deprived him of life. In whatever manner he died, Henry's agents concealed the truth with such fidelity, that it could never be discovered.

ENZO, KING OF SARDINIA.

Enzo, King of Sardinia, being taken prisoner in the war between Modena and Bologna, was paraded through the streets of the latter city in great triumph. He was afterwards condemned to pass the remainder of his days in an honourable imprisonment; where, to use the words of Lambertacci, "he enjoyed every indulgence of royalty, except his liberty." The Emperor Frederic (whose natural son Enzo was) used his best endeavours, first with threats, afterwards with unbounded offers from his treasury, to procure the emancipation of his son; but these sturdy republicans were proof to the temptation, and constantly refused to yield up, for any consideration, the glory of retaining within their walls a royal captive. Enzo, resigning at length the vain hopes of freedom,

devoted himself entirely to the honourable pursuits of literature and the arts, and obtained a respectable rank among the ancient Tuscan poets. He died in the twenty-third year of his captivity, and was buried at Bologna with royal honours.

THE IRON MASK.

Although conjecture has long been exhausted, as to the identity of the person in the Iron Mask, yet the fact of such a prisoner having been confined, and dying in the Bastile, as first made public by Voltaire, has since been abundantly confirmed in all its leading points. The Journal of M. de Jonca, who was many years *Lieutenant du Roi* at the Bastile, gives an account of the prisoner being removed from the Island of Saint Marguerite on M. de Saint Mars being appointed Governor of the Bastile. He says the prisoner always wore a mask of black velvet, a circumstance confirmed by several writers, although he has been called the *Iron Mask*; and that he died in the Bastile, and was buried on the 20th of November, 1703, in the burying place of Saint Paul. In the register of this parish there is the following entry:

“ In the year 1703, on the 19th day of November, Marchiali, aged forty-five years, or thereabouts, died at the Bastile. His body was interred in the burying place of this parish of St. Paul, on the 20th of the said month, in the presence of Monsieur de Rosarges, Mayor of the Bastile, and Monsieur Reilh, the surgeon, who accordingly sign this.”

Father Grisset, in his *Traité de Preuves qui Servent*

pour etablis la Verité de l' Histoire, says, nothing can exceed the dependance that may be placed on the journal of M. de Jonca. He adds, that a great many circumstances relating to this prisoner were known to the officers and servants at the Bastile, when Monsieur de Launay was appointed mayor there; that M. de Launay told him he was informed by them, that immediately after the prisoner's death, his apparel, linen, clothes, mattrasses, and, in short, every thing that had been used by him, were burnt; that the walls of his room were scraped, and the floor taken up; all evidently from the apprehension that he might have found means of writing something that would have discovered who he was; and that Monsieur d'Argenson, who often came to the Bastile when lieutenant-general of the police, hearing that the garrison still spoke of this prisoner, asked one day what was said about him, and after hearing some of the conjectures, observed, "*they will never know.*"

It is related by others, that beside the precautions mentioned by M. de Launay, the glass was taken out of the window of his room, and pounded to dust; the window frame and doors burnt; and the ceiling of the room, and the plaster of the inside of the chimney, taken down. Several persons have affirmed, that the body was buried without a head; and M. de Saint Foix, in his *Essais Historiques*, informs us, that a gentleman having bribed the sexton, had the body taken up in the night, and found a stone instead of the head.

Monsieur de la Grange Chaucel, who was sent prisoner to St. Marguerite, for writing a satire called the *Philippic*, on the Duke of Orleans, speaking of the

Iron Mask says, that “ the governor behaved with the greatest respect to this prisoner ; that he was always served on plate, and furnished with as rich clothes as he desired ; that, when he had occasion to see a surgeon or physician, he was obliged, under pain of death, constantly to wear his mask ; but when he was alone, he sometimes amused himself with pulling out the hairs of his beard with fine steel pincers.” He adds, “ Several persons have informed me that, when M. de Saint Mars went to take possession of the government of the Bastile, whither he was to conduct the prisoner, they heard the latter say to him, ‘ Has the king any intention against my life ? ’ and de Saint Mars’ reply, ‘ No, PRINCE, your life is in safety ; you must only allow yourself to be conducted.’ ”

One Dubuisson, who was confined at Saint Marguerite, says, that “ he was lodged with other persons in the room immediately above that where the prisoner with the mask was ; that they found means of speaking to him by the vents of their chimneys ; and that, having one day pressed him to tell who he was, he refused, saying, that if he did, it would not only cost him his own life, but the lives of those to whom the secret might be revealed.”

M. de Saint Mars, in his way from Saint Marguerite to the Bastile, halted with the prisoner at his house of Palteau. The house was afterwards bought by a person who took its name, and who, in a letter to M. Freron, on this subject, says,

“ In 1698, M. de Saint Mars was removed from his government of Saint Marguerite to that of the Bastile. In going to his new government, he stopped with his prisoner at Palteau. The prisoner was in a litter,

that went before that of M. de Saint Mars, and was accompanied by several men on horseback. Some peasants that I examined, who went to pay their compliments to their master, said, that while he was at table with his prisoner, the latter sat with his back towards the window that looked into the court; that they did not observe, therefore, whether he ate with his mask on, but saw very distinctly that M. de Saint Mars, who sat opposite to him, had a pair of pistols laying by his plate. They were attended at dinner only by a valet-de-chambre."

But Voltaire is the most circumstantial; in his "Age of Louis XIV." he says;

"Some months after the death of Cardinal Mazarine, in 1661, there happened an event of which there is no example, and what is no less strange, the historians of that time seem to have been unacquainted with it. There was sent, with the greatest secrecy, to the castle on the Island of Marguerite, in the sea of Provence, an unknown prisoner, rather above the middle size, young, and of a graceful figure. On the road he wore a mask, with steel springs, that enabled him to eat without taking it off. Those who conducted him had orders to kill him if he made any attempt to discover himself. He remained there until the Governor of Pignerol, an officer of confidence, named Saint Mars, being appointed governor of the Bastile, in 1690, brought him from thence to the Bastile, always covered with a mask. The Marquis de Louvois, who went and saw him at Saint Marguerite, spoke to him standing, and with that kind of attention that marks respect. He was lodged at the Bastile as well as that castle would admit. Nothing

was refused him that he desired. His chief taste was for lace and linen, remarkably fine. He played on the guitar. His table was the best that could be provided; and the governor seldom sat down in his presence. An old physician of the Bastile, who had often attended him when he was indisposed, said that he never saw his face, though he had frequently examined his tongue and parts of his body; that he was admirably well made, that his skin was rather brown, that he had something interesting in the sound of his voice, that he never complained, or let drop any thing by which it might be guessed who he was.

“This unknown person died in 1703, and was buried in the night, at the burying ground of the parish of Saint Paul. What increases our astonishment is, that when he was sent to Saint Marguerite, no person of importance in Europe was missing. Yet this prisoner certainly was a person of importance. See what happened soon after his arrival there. The governor put the dishes on the table himself; retired and locked the door. One day the prisoner wrote something with his knife on a silver plate, and threw it out at a window towards a boat that was drawn on shore near the bottom of the tower. A fisherman to whom the boat belonged, took up the plate and brought it to the governor, who, with evident astonishment, asked the man if he had read what was written on the plate, or if any other person had seen it. He said he could not read; that he had but just found it, and that no one else had seen it. He was, however, confined until the governor was certain that he could not read, and that no other had seen

the plate. He then dismissed him, saying, "*It is lucky for you that you cannot read.*"

The Abbé Papon relates, "that a young lad, a barber, having seen one day something white floating on the water, took it up: it was a fine shirt, written almost all over. He carried it to M. de Saint Mars, who having looked at some parts of the writing, asked the lad, with an appearance of anxiety, if he had not had the curiosity to read it. He assured him repeatedly that he had not; but two days afterwards the boy was found dead in his bed."

M. de la Borde informs us, that M. Linguet, in the course of his enquiries found, that when the Iron Mask went to mass, he had the most express orders not to speak or show himself; that the invalids were commanded to fire on him if he disobeyed; that their arms were loaded with balls; and that he therefore took great care to conceal himself, and to be silent.

Among the various conjectures respecting the Iron Mask, one writer supposes him to have been the Duke of Beaufort, second son of Cæsar, Duke of Vendome; but he was killed by the Turks in 1669. Another suspects him to have been the Count de Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV. who died publicly with the army in 1683. A third says it was the Duke of Monmouth, of whose death, however, English history gives a very satisfactory account. A fourth says it was a minister of the Duke of Mantua; but the respect paid to the prisoner is sufficient to refute such an opinion.

Others have said the Iron Mask was the son of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. and that his father was the Duke of Buckingham, who was ambassador in France in 1625; but there is no ground

whatever for the assertion. A more prevalent opinion is, that he was the twin-brother of Louis XIV. born some hours after him ; and that the king, their father, fearing that the pretensions of a twin-brother might one day be employed to renew those civil wars with which France had so often been afflicted, cautiously concealed his birth, and sent him away to be brought up privately.

ROMAN SLAVE.

It was the custom in Rome, when a slave made an unsuccessful attempt to regain his liberty, or was even suspected of such a design, to mark him on the forehead with a red hot iron. How capriciously and unjustly this infamous mark was impressed, is feelingly shewn by the story of Restio. This man being proscribed, and a reward offered for his head by the triumvirs Octavianus, Anthony, and Lepidus, concealed himself from the fury of the tyrants. A slave, whom he had marked with the hot iron, having found out the place of his retreat, conducted him to a cave, and there supplied him for some time with what he earned by his daily labour. At length a company of soldiers coming that way, and approaching the cave, the faithful slave, alarmed at the danger his master was in, followed them close, and falling on a poor peasant, killed him in their presence, and cutting off his head, cried out, " I am now revenged on my master for the marks with which he has branded me." The soldiers seeing the infamous mark on his forehead, and not doubting that he had killed Restio, snatched the head out of his hand, and returned with

it in all haste to the triumvirs. They were no sooner gone than the slave conveyed his master to the sea side, where they had the good fortune to find one of Sextus Pompeius's vessels, which transported them to Sicily.

EARL OF NITHSDALE.

Among the persons who were condemned to suffer for their share in attempting to place the Pretender on the British throne, in 1715, was the Earl of Nithsdale; and there is no doubt but that he would have shared the fate of the Earl of Derwentwater and the others who suffered, had not his amiable wife effected his escape. This circumstance, exhibiting so strong an instance of courage and of conjugal affection, cannot be better related than in the following extract of a letter from the Countess of Nithsdale to her sister, the Countess of Traquair, written in 1716.

“ The next morning I could not go to the tower, having so many things in my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had every thing in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for a Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, and to whom I immediately

communicated my resolution. She was of a very tall and slender make ; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood, one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend her's to my lord. Mrs. Mills was then pregnant ; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan, for I was only allowed to take one in at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and, in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me ; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do, who was going to bid her last farewell to a friend, on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick, however I had prepared some paint of the colour of her's, to disguise them ; I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as her's, and painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not time

to shave. All this provision I had before left in the tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as from what I had told them the day before, they were persuaded that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and let her out of my lord's chamber; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, said, my dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible; for I shall be on thorns till she comes. Every person in the room, chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the centinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so, because he had the same dress on which she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand; and he held his handkerchief to his

eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then, said I, my dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging; and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present, for I am almost distracted with this disappointment. The guards opened the doors; and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the centinel should take notice of his gait; but I still continued to press him to make all the haste he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mrs. Mills to be in readiness before the tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us threw him into such consternation, that he was almost beside himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him any thing, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security, they conducted him to it."

After being concealed a few days in London, the Earl passed with the retinue, and in the livery, of the

Venetian Ambassador, to Dover, where hiring a small vessel, he escaped to Calais, and thence travelled to Rome, where he died in the year 1744.

REPUBLICAN FATHER.

A mulatto youth one day called on a respectable gentleman of Baltimore, and, with tears in his eyes, begged for assistance. "My father and mother," says he, "are about to sell me to Georgia." "Your father and mother!" replied the gentleman, with surprise; "what right have they to sell you?" "My father," answered the boy, "is a *white man*, Mr. —, a *merchant* in this place. My mother is a yellow woman. She has had several children by him, all of whom have been sold to Georgia but myself. He is this moment *bargaining* with a slave trader for me." The gentleman promised his assistance, but too late; the bargain was already made. The unfortunate youth was immediately borne off in spite of tears, execrations, and entreaties, handcuffed and chained, and driven like a brute to a distant market!

TASSO.

No incident in the life of Tasso has excited so much interest, as his confinement in the lunatic hospital of St. Anne, by order of the Duke of Ferrara: and curiosity has been on the stretch to discover what peculiar circumstance occasioned this step to be taken. Muratori relates a traditional story, that Tasso being once at court in presence of the duke, and his sister, the Princess Leonora, unable to restrain the violence

of his passion for the lady, he approached, threw himself on her neck, and embraced her with transport. The duke turning to his courtiers, said, "What a misfortune, that so great man should have so far lost his senses!" That Tasso was really an admirer of the princess, is not only rendered probable by the verses he wrote in her honour, but the fact is also affirmed by Manso ; but as the poet had previously given sufficient indications of mental derangement to justify his confinement, it could scarcely require this new circumstance to occasion it. Mr. Hobhouse, in his "Illustrations of Childe Harold," denies the story related by Muratori, and declares that Tasso was confined for his political opinions ; he does not however adduce any evidence in support of the assertion.

But whatever causes might have occasioned the confinement of Tasso, the measure, if intended for his benefit, only aggravated his mental malady. Regarding himself as a prisoner, he fancied a variety of causes for this treatment. Among the rest was a supposed charge of impiety and heresy, to obviate which he addressed a memorial to the congregation of the Holy Office at Rome ; but the charge was a mere phantom of his imagination. He also imputed his situation to the persecution of his enemies ; and he sent letters to his friends, to the city of Bergamo, to the Princess of Italy and to the Emperor himself, imploring their interference to procure his liberation. He had at length the happiness of obtaining his liberation in 1586, and removed to his old apartments at the court.

In the hospital of St. Anne, they still shew the cell in which Tasso was confined. It is below the ground

floor, and the light penetrates through a grated window from a small yard, which seems to have been common to other cells. It is nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high. The bedstead, as they inform travellers, has been carried off piecemeal, and the door half cut away by the devotion of those whom "the verse and prose" of the prisoner have brought to Ferrara. Over the door of the cell is the following inscription:

Rispettate, O Posterità, la celebrità di questa stanza, dove Torquato Tasso, infermo più di tristezza che delirio, ritenuto dimoro anno VII. mesi II. scrisse verse e prose, e fu rimesso in libertà ad istanza della città di Bergamo, nel giorno VI. Luglio 1586.

"Respect, O Posterity, the celebrity of this spot, where Torquato Tasso, infirm through grief rather than insanity, was confined for seven years and two months; where he wrote much verse and prose, and at length received his liberty at the instance of the city of Bergamo, on the 6th day of July, 1586."

PROSCRIBED FAMILY.

During the reign of terror in France, a family at Marseilles became involved in the revolutionary troubles. The eldest son fell under proscription; but his family were fortunate enough to avoid the vigilance of the police, and conceal him for seven months, at the end of which time he escaped in a vessel to Leghorn. The youngest son saved himself by escaping to Paris, where he remained unknown until the death of Robespierre enabled him to return home.

Very soon after the departure of the eldest son, the

father was menaced with imprisonment, as having two sons in emigration ; on which the youngest daughter presented herself before the municipality, entreating that her father might be suffered to remain at liberty, and offering herself as a hostage, that he would not commit any act contrary to the interests of the republic. Her offer of becoming a prisoner was accepted, and she was conveyed to the convent of Ignorantius, which was set apart for confining the women who were arrested, and where eight hundred were then immured. But though she was detained, her father was not left at large ; he was arrested a few days after, and sent with a number of the proscribed to confinement in another convent. The prison of the father was at a different end of the town. During eight months that elapsed from this period, to the conclusion of the reign of terror, the eldest daughter's daily occupation was to visit her father and sisters in their respective prisons, which she was permitted to do, being always searched at her entrance, lest she should convey any thing to them which might assist their escape. The anxiety for her sister's life was not very great, as few women were led to the scaffold ; but she daily entered the prison of her father, uncertain whether she still might find him, or whether he might not have been among the number who were daily immolated. While at home, her sole occupation was to endeavour to soothe and console her mother. How miserable, how painful, was such a state of existence ! and yet painful as it was, this family was ultimately among the number of the fortunate, since no member of it fell a victim to revolutionary vengeance.

GARRISON OF NAGUR.

In 1783, the city of Nagur, in the East Indies, surrendered to the arms of Tippoo, on honourable terms; but these were soon broken, and the officers of the different corps put in confinement, after being first stripped of all the money, &c. they possessed. They were then crowded into a stable, without any other subsistence than rice and water. M. Querestret, a French officer, who had formerly been taken prisoner by the English, visited the officers during their melancholy confinement, brought them presents of vegetables and provisions, and had the generosity to offer money to several of them, although there was no chance of his ever being reimbursed.

After remaining nine days in the stable, where they had been confined without clothes, and fettered in pairs, like felons guilty of some atrocious crime, they were marched a distance of two hundred and fifty miles in twelve days. If through excess of fatigue and sufferance, any one gave vent to complaints, he received severe blows with a stick or firelock. One day an officer was seized with a violent cramp; after the arm of his fellow prisoner had been almost broke by the convulsive efforts of the sick man, the iron fetter which held them together gave way; this was charged as having been done intentionally; and it was with difficulty that the drivers could be restrained from inflicting corporal punishment on a man who was evidently on the verge of the grave. Many of the party, unable to endure their hardships, fell down motionless, and expired in their fetters, without receiving the least assistance.

When they reached Chitteldrough, they were divided into two parties of thirty-four each; their handcuffs were exchanged for irons on their legs of an enormous size, and they were confined in a room of small size; a hole in the door, and another in the roof, being the only passage for light and air. The place was excessively filthy; rats run about the prison in large numbers, and in the most audacious manner. Rice was still their only food; but on the 4th of June, they raised sufficient money to buy a sheep to celebrate the king's birth day. Lemonade was the richest liquor they had been able to procure; but of this they drank bumpers to the success of his majesty's arms, with as much hearty loyalty as any of his subjects. In March following, they obtained their liberation.

REV. WILLIAM JACKSON.

The trial and conviction in Ireland of the Rev. W. Jackson for high treason in 1795, excited great sympathy, on account of his situation in life as a clergyman of the established church, his good character, and strict honour; but still more from the circumstance of his being betrayed by an infamous attorney, in whose friendship he felt the greatest confidence, but who urged him to the crime, that he might receive the price of blood.

During Mr. Jackson's confinement, he was treated with great indulgence, and had permission to see his friends. A short time before his trial, one of these remained with him to a very late hour of the night; when he was about to depart, Mr. Jackson accom-

panied him as far as the place where the gaoler usually waited upon such occasions, until all his prisoners' visitors should have retired. They found the gaoler in a profound sleep, and the keys of the prison lying beside him. "Poor fellow!" said Mr. Jackson, taking up the keys, "let us not disturb him; I have already been too troublesome to him in this way." He accordingly proceeded with his friend to the outer door of the prison, which he opened. Here the facility of escaping naturally struck him; he became deeply agitated; but after a moment's pause, "*I could do it,*" said he, "but what would be the consequence to you, and to the poor fellow within, who has been so kind to me? No, let me rather meet my fate." He said no more, but locking the prison door, again returned to his apartment. It should be added, that the gentleman for whom such an opportunity was sacrificed, gave a proof upon this occasion that he deserved it; as he never uttered a syllable to dissuade his unfortunate friend, although he knew the consequences in which the escape would involve himself. He however considered the temptation to be so irresistible, that expecting to find the prisoner, upon further reflection, availing himself of it, he remained all night outside the prison door, with the intention if Mr. Jackson should escape, of instantly flying with him from Ireland.

The fate of poor Jackson was truly melancholy. On the morning that he was to be brought up to receive sentence, he took poison, and actually sunk in the dock and expired. He had previously beckoned to his counsel, Mr. Curran, to approach him, and making an effort to squeeze him with his damp and

nerveless hand, uttered in a whisper, and with a smile of mournful triumph, the dying words of Pierre,

“We have deceived the Senate.”

HERO OF THE BASTILE.

In the year 1785, a person of rank and fashion in Paris became enamoured of a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a respectable tradesman; who refusing to encourage the nobleman's passion, was soon after thrown into the Bastile. The lover of the girl, the son of a wealthy citizen, and who was to have been married to her in a few days, dreading the like fate, made his escape to Constantinople, to serve as a volunteer under the Grand Seignior, leaving his intended bride secreted with a female friend. On the revolution breaking out, the young man returned to Paris, and equally stimulated by love and liberty, was the very grenadier who first mounted the breach made in the Bastile, from the dungeons of which he had the happiness of rescuing the father of his future bride.

WATER CARRIERS OF RIO JANEIRO.

Sir William Ouseley in his travels, gives an affecting picture of the state in which the African slaves are kept in Rio Janeiro, where they are kept and employed in drawing water near the landing place. “Some,” says he, were chained in pairs by the wrist; others five or six together, by links attached to heavy iron collars. These it was said had endeavoured to escape from the lash of their owners, by seeking refuge in the woods and mountains. I remarked, that

from the iron collar which was fastened round the neck of one, proceeded a long handle (of iron also), contrived by its projection to embarrass the wearer, when forcing his way through forests or thickets. His handle would afford to any European who might fortunately detect the poor fugitive, very easy means of securing, and even (by immediate strangulation) of destroying him. All these were as nearly in a state of perfect nakedness as decency would allow; and many bore on their backs and shoulders the marks either of stripes recently inflicted, or of others, by which their skins had long since been lacerated."

These poor wretches, while dragging an immense cask of water from the public fountain to their master's house, cheer each other with a kind of pleasing melody; the burden of their song is an address to the water cask: "Come load, come soon home."

GALLEY SLAVES OF GENOA.

Among the galley slaves at Genoa, some whose conduct was good were allowed to have little shops or sheds on the quay, where they made mats, knitted stockings, or sold pedlary goods, and others kept little coffee houses, or lemonadiers. They are all chained to their shops by a long chain, which permits their walking about in them, and a few paces in front. About sixty years ago, there was one man, who had been chained to his little shop on the quay, where he had vended coffee and liquors for eighteen years, and by his industry acquired upwards of forty thousand livres. He offered ten thousand to the Princee for his liberty, but the latter demanded

twenty thousand ; this the galley slave refused to give ; he therefore continued a slave, bare-footed, and with his head shaved, for the remainder of his life.

CAVE OF LIFE.

In the early period of the French revolution, when every thing was settled by the guillotine, a gentleman of the name of Laurenson, who had been a municipal officer of Mornand, was condemned. After judgment, he was conducted to the Cave of Life, which made him consider his emancipation as certain. A few days after his arrival, he received a very strong and energetic address from the inhabitants of the Commune, who retracted their denunciation, and owned that they had been deceived. This important document Laurenson now considered as of no use, since his life was in safety, and he put it carelessly in his pocket. At this instant his name was called. He went out at the summons, when to his astonishment he found himself tied to a chain, with others who were to be led to the guillotine. Astonished, almost stupified, scarcely knowing whether he really were to die, or whether it was only a frightful dream, he marched forwards. At length he was roused by perceiving the address, which had dropt from his pocket, at his feet. One of the gens-d'armes who accompanied the prisoners, picked it up. " Ah," said Laurenson, "'tis a paper I have just received ; if my judges could but see it, I should be saved." The soldier immediately quitted the escort, and darting away like lightning, hastened to the tribunal, pre-

sented the address, and received an order for the prisoner to be released if his fate had not already been consummated. He flew back to the scaffold. Laurenson was yet alive ; another moment, and he had been lost ; forty persons were that day to be guillotined ; thirty-nine had already fallen. Laurenson was the last, and he was already bound to the plank. Panting for breath, the soldier arrived, and called on the executioner to stop. He produced the mandate from the judges for the release of the prisoner ; the officer attending read it, and ordered Laurenson to be released. He was unbound from the plank, but was found to be in a swoon, senseless and motionless. He was carried to the Hotel de Ville, where he was three times bled before he shewed any signs of recovery ; at length he opened his eyes, but they were wild and haggard ; life re-appeared, but his reason was entirely gone. He saw nothing but the last horrible objects which had been presented to him. " Where is my head ?" cried he ; " is it not upon the ground ? let them give it me back ! let them give it me back ! See you not that blood how it smokes ? it runs down in a stream ; it runs over my shoes. See there that gulf heaped with bloody corpses ! O save me ! save me ! I fall, I fall into it !" His wanderings excited at once compassion and horror ; and he was carried to an hospital, there to be properly attended till his reason should return.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

In the early part of the French revolution, the prisons of Lyons were filled with thousands of unhappy victims. Seventy-two prisoners who were condemned, were thrown into the Cave of Death on the 9th of December, there to wait the execution of their sentence. This could not be the next day, because it was the Decadi. One of the prisoners, of the name of Porral, only twenty-two years of age, of a bold and ardent spirit, profited of this interval to devise a plan of escape. His sisters having by means of a very large bribe obtained access to this abode of horror, began to weep around him. "It is not now a time to weep," said he, "it is the moment to arm ourselves with resolution and activity, and endeavour to find some way by which we can elude our menaced fate. Bring me files, a chisel, a turnscrew, and other instruments; bring wine in abundance; bring a poignard, that if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of defence. By this grate, which looks into the *Rue Lafond*, you can give me these things; I will be in waiting there the whole day to receive them.

The sisters retired, and in the course of the day, at different visits, brought a variety of tools, twelve fowls, and about sixty bottles of wine. Porral communicated his project to four others, bold and active like himself, and the whole business was arranged. The evening arrived; a general supper was proposed; the last they should ever eat. The prisoners supped well, and exhorted each other to meet their fate the next morning with heroism. The wine was briskly circulated, till the company were laid fast asleep.

At eleven o'clock the associates began their labours ; one of them was placed as a sentinel near the door of the cave, armed with a poignard, ready to despatch the turnkey, if at his visit at two o'clock in the morning he should appear to suspect any thing ; the others, pulling off their coats, began to make their researches.

At the extremity of the second cave they found a huge door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak, and double barred ; by degrees the hinges gave way to the file, and the door was no longer held by them ; but still they could not force it open, it was held by something on the other side. A hole was made in it with the chisel, and looking through, they perceived it was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a distance. This was a terrible moment ! They endeavoured in vain to cut the rope with the chisel or file, but they could not reach it. A piece of wax candle however was procured ; and being lighted, and tied to the end of a stick, they thrust it through the hole in the door, and burnt the cord asunder. The door was then opened, and the adventurers proceeded forward.

They now found themselves in another vault, in the midst of which was a large slab of stone, which seemed laid there for some particular purpose. They struck upon it, and found it was hollow. This gave them hopes that it was placed to cover the entrance of some subterraneous passage ; perhaps it might be one that led to the Rhone. They succeeded in removing the stone, and found to their inexpressible transport, that it was indeed a subterraneous passage, and they doubted not that here they should find an

issue. They then tied their handkerchiefs together and one of them, named Labatre, taking hold of the end with one hand, and carrying a light in the other, descended to explore the place. Alas! their hopes were in a moment blasted; instead of finding any passage by which they could escape, he found this was an old well, dried up, and heaped with rubbish. Labatre returned with a heavy heart: some other means must be sought.

A door at the extremity of the cave now appeared their only resource. On this they set to work with the same ardour, and succeeded in forcing it open. But this led only to another vault, which served as a depôt for confiscated effects and merchandize. Among other things, was a large trunk full of shirts. They profited of this discovery to make an exchange of linen; and instead of the clean ones which they took, they left their own, which they had worn for many weeks. Two doors beside that at which they had entered, now offered themselves to their choice. They began to attack one; but they had scarcely applied the file, when they were alarmed by the barking of a dog behind. A general consternation seized the party; the work was stopped in an instant; perhaps the door led into the apartments of the gaoler. This idea recalled to their minds, that it was now near two o'clock, the time of his visit. One of the party returned towards the Cave of Death, to see whether all was safe; and it was agreed to suspend their labours till his return. They had need of some moments of rest, and they took advantage of them, to fortify themselves for the rest of their work by taking some wine.

When the scout returned, he said that on his arrival at the Cave of Death, he shuddered with horror to find the turnkey there already. The man however who had been left as sentinel, had engaged him to drink with him; and the scout joining the party, they plied him so well, that he at last reeled off without much examining the cave, and was in all probability laid fast asleep for the rest of the night. This was very consolatory news.

Quitting the door at which they heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding doors, one of which they opened, and found themselves in a long dark passage. At the end they perceived another door; but listening, they heard voices; it in fact led to the guard-house, where several soldiers in the national uniform were assembled. This was indeed a terrible stroke; had they then got so far, only to meet with a worse obstacle than any they had yet encountered? Must all their labours prove then at length fruitless?

One only resource now remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they had not attempted, because they conceived it must lead to the great court of the Hotel de Ville, and they would rather have found some other exit; but,

“ All desperate hazards courage do create,
As he plays frankly who has least estate;
Presence of mind and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success.”

In fact, having forced the door, it appeared they were not mistaken; that they were at the bottom of

a staircase which led into the court. It was now half-past four o'clock; the morning was dark and cold, while rain and snow were falling in abundance. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the staircase, when Porral cried out, "What are you about? if we attempt to go out at present, all is over with us. The gate is now shut, and if any one should be perceived in the court, the alarm would instantly be given, and all would be discovered. After having had the courage to penetrate thus far, let us have resolution still to wait awhile. At eight o'clock the gate will be opened, and the passage through the court free. We can then steal out by degrees; and mingling with the numbers that are constantly passing and repassing, we can go away without being perceived. It is not till ten o'clock the prisoners are summoned to execution; between eight and ten there will be time enough for all of us to get away. We will return to the cave; and when the time of departure arrives, each of us five will inform two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and going out three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last three, as they set off, inform fifteen others, and thus in succession we may all escape." This plan appeared judicious and safe: it was unanimously agreed to, and the associates returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had done.

Montellier, a notary, and Baron de Chaffoy, to whom the means of escape were offered, refused to avail themselves of them, the former from a confidence of a pardon, as he had been mistaken for his brother;

and the latter, though in the flower of his age, declared all his ties in the world were broken, and that life had nothing now to offer which could make him desirous of prolonging it. They were both guillotined the next morning.

The fate of the fifteen who fled was very dissimilar, and the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of them. The last of the fifteen who, on quitting the cave, was, according to the plan arranged, privately to apprize fifteen others; instead of doing so, cried aloud, "The passage is open; let him that can escape." This excited a great movement among the prisoners. They arose in an instant, doubting whether what they heard could be true, or whether he who uttered these words was not mad. The noise they made alarmed the centinel without; he called to the turnkeys; they hastened immediately to the cave, perceived what had been done, and closing up the door by which the prisoners had escaped, placed a strong guard before it. Nesple, who had excited this movement, was, with three others, taken and executed. Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend, in an obscure street; but he was discovered, brought back, and guillotined.

It was not thus with Porral, the original author of the plan. He was the first that came forth from the cave. As he passed the sentinel in the court, he addressed him, "My good friend, it rains and snows very hard; were I in your place, I would not remain out of doors in such villainous weather, but would go to the fire in the guard-room." The sentinel thanked him, and following his advice, the coast was left more clear for the prisoners. Porral took refuge in the

house of one who was considered a good patriot, and escaped the observation of a party of the commissaries who entered the house. As soon as they were gone, he began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible. When he arrived at the Place Belle-Cour, he found parties of the gendarmerie dispersed every where. Porral went into a house, and making known who he was, entreated an asylum. The inhabitants were women, timid to excess; but the desire of saving an innocent person, rendered them courageous. They conducted him into a garret, and concealed him behind some planks standing up in a corner. The gens-d'armes arrived; they searched the house; they came into the garret where Porral was concealed. Here they found a large cask, the top of which was fastened down by a padlock. They asked for the key; the women went down stairs for it. While they were gone, one of the gens-d'armes leaned against the planks, while a second said, "'Twould be droll enough if we were to find one of the fugitives in this cask." "More likely plate or money," says a third, "for it seems very heavy." The key at length arrived; the cask was unlocked, and was found to be full of salt. The gens-d'armes swore at the disappointment, visited the roof of the house, and then retired. In the evening Porral, dressed in women's clothes, with a basket on his head and another on his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillotiere, and quitted the city.

Gabriel, another of the fugitives, concealed himself among the bushes in the marshes of the Trevaux Perrache, where he was nearly frozen to death, but he got away to a place of safety.

The young Couchoux, who was one of the five that had opened the way for escape, made choice of his father, who was nearly eighty years of age, as one of the fifteen ; but the poor old man's legs were swollen, and he was scarcely able to walk. "Fly, fly, my son !" said he, "if thou hast the opportunity ; fly this instant ! I command it as an act of duty ; but it is impossible that I should fly with thee. I have lived long enough---my troubles will soon be finished ; and death will be deprived of its sting, if I can know that thou art in safety." His son assured him that he would not quit the prison without him, and that his persisting in his refusal would only end in the destruction of both. The father, overcome by his dutiful affections, yielded, and supported by his son, made his way to the bottom of the staircase ; but to ascend it was out of his power ; he could just drag his legs along the ground, but to lift them up was impossible. His son, though low in stature, and not strong, took him up in his arms ; the desire of saving his father gave him strength, and he carried him to the top of the stairs. His filial piety was rewarded, and both escaped.

LORD MASSAREENE.

About the year 1770, Lord Massareene being in France, entered into a speculation with two other persons, to supply the Swiss Cantons with salt. His lordship was to furnish the necessary funds ; and he became thus involved in obligations, which led to his arrest and imprisonment for very considerable sums. Conceiving himself in a great measure a dupe, he

determined never to enlarge himself, by discharging his debts, but repeatedly attempted his escape from prison; and with so much address and ingenuity, that he was at length, for greater security, ordered to be confined in the State Prison, the Bastile. Here also he made several efforts to escape, but without success; and at last abandoning himself to despair, he sunk into a state of the most confirmed slothfulness and apathy; entirely neglected his person, and looked forward to death alone to relieve him. When the destruction of the Bastile, in 1789, produced the general delivery of the victims immured in it, the unfortunate Massareene emerged into the light of day, with a beard of nearly three years growth. He did not stop long on French ground, but hastened as fast as he could to regain his native land. At Calais he had some difficulty to procure a passage, on account of the meanness of his dress, and of the singularly haggard appearance which long confinement had given him.

On landing at Dover, his lordship was the first to jump out of the boat; in the fullness of his joy, and in gratitude to Heaven for his deliverance, he immediately fell on his knees, and kissing the ground, exclaimed, "God bless this land of liberty!"

BASTILE RELICS.

Among the papers found in M. de Launay's house, on the day of the destruction of the Bastile, were a variety of interesting fragments of the many tales of woe, of which it had for more than a century

been the scene,---suppressed narratives of suffering, suppressed supplications for mercy, intercepted letters, secret orders, &c. Great part of them were scattered and lost in the confusion; and of those which were said to have been preserved and published, many were spurious. The following we have reason to believe are genuine.

A MOTHER'S LAST WORDS TO HER CHILD.

Letter from Madame Ladouze Laslours, an Italian lady, who was imprisoned in the Bastille, and condemned to death September 26, 1669.

“MY DEAR CHILD,

“I HAVE just received the sentence of death, and I feel nothing grievous in it, but the fear least in dying, the same blow in reverberation will kill you. Death is, in one view, agreeable to me; because it is an opportunity of making a sacrifice to God; in another view, it overwhelms my soul with grief, as it obliges me to abandon the half of myself.

I have no more words to say than to bid you adieu with my mouth. Oh! unhappy me, that I cannot join it to thine!

“Kiss these last characters, and so these will kiss the hand that writes them, and the heart that speaks to thee. Adieu for ever!

“From my prison, Friday,

“September 27, 1669.”

The letters from which the following are extracts, were enclosed in separate covers, one addressed to M. de Jumilhac, then governor, and the

other, accompanied with a memorial in the same hand, and bearing the same signature, addressed to the celebrated Madame Pompadour.

“MY LORD,

“Is it losing time to entreat you? Compassion is bestowed on animals; I am a man. This is the fourteenth year of my sufferings; I beseech you to allow me two hours a day to walk in the garden, or on the tower. If my long misery does not induce you to allow me this favour, at least deign to bestow it on me for the benefit of my eyes---I am losing my sight.

“Here is a packet which I will be obliged to you to deliver for me. For the love of God, my lord, have pity upon me---I am dying.

“I have the honour to be, with most profound respect, my Lord, your lordship’s humble servant,

“DANRY”

“*Bastile, May 1, 1762.*”

TO MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

“MADAM,

“If the zeal I have shewn for the preservation of your person has offended you, I now, (in spirit) throw myself at your feet to implore your mercy, and to ask ten thousand pardons; for the love of God have pity on me.

“The enclosed is a work I have performed for the king.

* * * * *

I supplicate you not to oppress me with your displeasure, for in all my misery, notwithstanding all the

ills I endure for you, I exert my utmost to do what I think will be most agreeable to you. * * *

* * * * *

Recall to mind, Madam, that after my first escape from the Tower of Vincennes, I delivered myself up like a lamb. Seven years after that, finding myself forgotten by you, I escaped a second time from the Bastile; when I arrived in Holland, where I thought my person safe, my heart remained humble and respectful towards you.

* * * * *

“ You see, Madam, all pleads to your soul for me.

“ I am now in the fourteenth year of my confinement. I am overcome. Deign to put an end to my sufferings; it is time. To all sins mercy is granted; let all be this day forgot and buried in oblivion; have mercy on me, I who have ever wished you happiness; and I, in return, will pray to God all my life to bestow his holy blessing on you, and all your much loved family.

“ I have the honour to be, with profound respect, Madam, your most humble and obedient Servant,
 “ *Bastile, May 1, 1762.* DANRY.”

It is supposed that Madame Pompadour never received either the letter or the memorial, for the seals were unopened.

The plan intended by the prisoner to be laid before the king, related to subsistence in case of scarcity.

BASTILE INSCRIPTIONS.

In an interior cell, which from the gradual declension of the tyranny that populated the place had been

sometime without an inhabitant, there was found a feeble inscription on the stone fronting the door; the following were the only words distinguishable:

“ Grave par l’aide d’un dent du qui je n’ai point aucune besoin.

LA MALHEUREUX DE PRIE.”

This nobleman was in England when the celebrated Chevalier, or Madame D’Eon, was Charge d’Affaires in this country; and he married a lady here, who died a melancholy death. His residence in England very likely gave him notions of greater freedom of speech, than was consistent with a man’s safety in France previous to the revolution. In another cell was found the following inscription:

“ Roland.

Cigit la felicitie de tout mortel si recherchée,
Helas! Je suis privé de ma chère liberté,” &c.

“ Here is entombed Happiness, so eagerly sought by mortals! Alas! I am deprived of liberty, sweet liberty! And my only consolations are vain complaints and unavailing tears! if **** (some words illegible) when you forsake us, the days lag on like ages. Live then. (some words effaced) If you have had, O mortal! the misfortune to incur suspicion, don’t imagine that you will so soon depart hence. The hour of entrance unto this fatal place is too well known; but no man knows when the happy moment of his departure shall come.”

On the walls of a third cell there was the following just reflection:

“ Nillet, imprisoned the 8th of October, 1742.

“ And the monsters who had reduced these miserable

victims to the most excruciating torments, to the most deplorable despair, would yet repose every night on beds of down ; remorse corrodes not their ferocious souls, nor chases slumber from their eye-lids."

PRISONER FOR SIXTY-ONE YEARS.

A. M. Dussault, who had given some cause of offence to Cardinal Richelieu, was consigned to the dungeons of the Bastile on the 20th November, 1631. After he had been immured here about eleven years, the unfortunate prisoner received intelligence that his persecutor was on the point of death. He thought that this was a moment when an appeal to his heart and conscience might not be made in vain. He sat down accordingly, and wrote him the following impressive letter.

" Bastile, 1st December, 1642.

" TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

" THIS is a time, my Lord, when a man ceases to be cruel and unjust ; and it is when his approaching dissolution forces him to descend into the gloomy recesses of his conscience, to weep for the troubles, sorrows, and misfortunes he has caused to his fellow creatures. I say fellow creatures ; for now you must be sensible of what you never would be convinced or persuaded of, that the Supreme and Excellent Creator from above, has made us all after the same model ; and that his intention was, that men should not be distinguished from one another but by their virtues. You know, my Lord, that for these eleven years past, you made me suffer a thousand deaths in this Bastile, where even felons, and the most disloyal of his ma-

jesty's subjects, would deserve pity and compassion ; much more I, then, my Lord, whom you make perish by inches, for having disobeyed an order of yours that would have doomed my soul to everlasting torments, and made me appear in the presence of Almighty God, our tremendous Judge, with hands stained with blood. Ah ! were you to hear the complaints, sighs, and groans I incessantly heave from the dungeon you have condemned me to, I am sure you would forthwith restore me to liberty. I earnestly conjure you, my Lord, to do it in the name of that Eternal God, who is to judge you as well as myself ; take pity on my cruel sufferings and sorrow ; and if you wish to be merciful before you die, give immediate orders for my chains to be broken ; for when once in the power of death, you will no longer be able to do me that justice I can claim but from you, and you will then be persecuting me *even after death*, which God preserve you from doing. Vouchsafe, I beseech you, to yield to the humble prayers of a man who has always been a loyal subject to his majesty.

“ I am, my Lord, with veneration, respect, and submission, yours, &c. DUSSAULT.”

This letter was in all probability not received, as the Cardinal died three days after that on which it was written, and certainly without giving any orders for the liberation of Dussault. The Cardinal became thus, as the hapless man so emphatically expressed it, his persecutor “ *even after death* ;” and horrid indeed was the legacy of vengeance ; for it was not till the 20th June, 1692, as appears from an inscription on the wall of the room in which he was confined, that

Dussault recovered his liberty. He had been sixty-one years a prisoner !

HENRY MASERS DE LA TUDE.

In the year 1749, Henry M. de la Tude, son of a Knight of the order of St. Louis, was sent to the Bastile, for the grave offence of having sported with the feelings of Madame Pompadour, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV. With the thoughtless warm enthusiasm of a young man, he had it seems attached himself to the cause of this woman in defence of her character, against the fanatics of the day. He wished to do her some ostensibly good office, and sighed to render himself of consequence in her esteem. Having heard that she was unhappy from the apprehension of poison, La Tude waited on Madame Pompadour at Versailles, to acquaint her that he had seen a parcel put into the post office addressed for her ; and at the same time expressed his suspicions relative to the contents of it, and cautioned the Marchioness to beware. The parcel arrived of course, La Tude having himself put it into the post office ; but the powder proved on chemical experiment perfectly innocent. The result gave the marchioness an insight into La Tude's design ; and offended at his presumption, she had him sent to the Bastile as an impostor.

La Tude with great ingenuity effected his escape from prison ; and feeling unconscious of any crime demanding severity of punishment, he went, and voluntarily surrendered himself to the king. Unhappy man ! Victim of the caprice and cruelty of a woman ! The unfeeling marchioness, piqued at his placing more

confidence in the king than herself, made such representations to his majesty, that he ordered La Tude back to the same prison, and to be immured in one of its most dreary chambers—a dungeon! where another prisoner of the name of Delegré, was also confined by order of the marchioness.

Yet even from this impregnable fortress of barbarity, where no wealth could bribe---where no instrument of any kind was allowed, did La Tude and his companion, without money and unaided, effect their escape.

They had neither scissars, knives, nor any edged instrument; and for an hundred guineas, the turnkey would not supply them with an ounce of thread. Upon making the calculation of the difficulties to be encountered, they found that they required fourteen hundred feet of cordage; two ladders of wood and rope, from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and another of a hundred and eighty feet in length. It was necessary to displace several iron grates from the chimney; and in one night to make a hole in a wall several feet thick at the distance of only twelve or fifteen feet from a sentinel. The wooden ladder and that of rope, when made, must be concealed; and the officers, accompanied by the turnkeys, came to visit and search them several times a week. They had to make and do all these things to accomplish their design; and they had nothing but their hands to effect it with.

The hand to those who know its use, is the instrument of all instruments. The iron hinge of the table was, by wetting on a tiled floor, converted into a knife. With this bars were removed, and a saw constructed; wood was concealed from the daily fuel

to construct the ladders ; La Tude's portmanteau contained twelve dozen of shirts, and other articles of apparel, out of which they made the 1400 feet of rope. The bars in the chimney took six months to displace ; and the whole of these preparations cost eighteen months' work, day and night.

The moment of attempting their dangerous enterprise now arrived ; one night, after supper, La Tude first ascended the chimney, and drew the ropes, iron bars, &c. up after him, leaving a sufficient quantity of the ladder in the chimney to enable his companion to ascend with less difficulty. Being now on the top, they drew up the rest of the ladder ; and then descended at once upon the platform, serving as a counterpoise to each other. They next fixed their ladder to a piece of cannon, and let it gently into the fosse ; by which means they descended with their iron bars, wooden ladder, and all their equipage. During all this time the sentinel was not more than ten fathoms from them, walking upon the corridor.

This prevented them from getting up to it, to go into the garden, as they first intended ; they therefore were under the necessity of making use of their iron bars. They proceeded straight to the wall which separates the fosse of the Bastile, from that of the garden St. Antoine, between the garden and the governor's house. In this place there formerly had been a little fosse, a fathom wide, one or two feet deep ; but now the water was up to their arm pits.

The moment La Tude began to make a hole between two stones to introduce their iron bars as levers, the round major passed by with his great lantern, at the distance of ten or twelve feet over their heads.

To prevent their being discovered, they sunk up to their chins in the water; this ceremony they were obliged to repeat every half hour when the round came by. At length one large stone was removed from the wall; they attacked a second, and afterwards a third, with equal success; so that before midnight they had displaced several cart loads of stone; and in less than six hours had entirely pierced the wall, which was more than four feet and a half thick. They drew the portmanteau through the hole, abandoning every thing else without regret. They then descended into the deep fosse of the gate St. Antoine; where after a narrow escape from perishing, they got upon dry ground, and took refuge at the abbey of St. Germain des Prez.

La Tude fled to Holland; but on the demand of the King of France, he was given up by the Dutch government, re-conducted to the Bastile, and more closely confined than ever.

On the death of Madame Pompadour, La Tude was informed of it by a writing placed up at a window in the street, in consequence of some papers he had thrown from the Bastile tower.

Most of the prisoners in the Bastile were on this occasion liberated. The minister, Sartine, however, refused to set La Tude free, except on a condition which the unfortunate man thinking derogatory to his honour, would not accede to, and he was still doomed by the remorseless revenge of that monster of inhumanity, to remain a prisoner ten feet under ground, clad in tatters, with a beard reaching to his feet, no bed but straw, no provision but bread and water, overrun with vermin! Such, alas! continued for

many years the wretched situation of the unfortunate La Tude ; whose only crime was having offended the favourite of his sovereign !

The ultimate liberation of La Tude is not the least wonderful part of his story. A woman, named *Le Gros*, walking abroad in June, 1781, saw lying in a corner a packet of papers, that had the appearance of having been tumbled in the dirt. She took it up, and returning home, read the contents. It proved to be a *memorial, stating part of the misfortunes of the Sieur La Tude, prisoner in a dungeon ten feet under ground, on an allowance of bread and water, for thirty-four years !*

The good woman was moved with compassion at the recital of such cruel suffering, and was incessant in her applications on his behalf to persons of rank ; till at last she obtained his liberation on the 18th of March, 1784, through the influence of Baron Breteuil, who accompanied the glad tidings with a grant to La Tude of a pension of four hundred livres.

COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.

This lady, whose connection with the Cardinal de Rohan, and the notorious Count Cagliostro, in the affair of the diamond necklace, which occupied so much of the public attention in the early part of the reign of Louis XVI. was in the Conciergerie, from which she contrived to effect her escape.

For several months the Countess was in possession of the necessary apparatus, but delayed making the attempt, in the hope of a public liberation. At length she determined to defer it no longer. She dressed

herself in man's clothes, cut the front part of her hair in the shape usually worn by the jockeys in Paris, and thus equipped, her head buried as it were in a large round hat, half-boots on her feet, and a small stick in her hand, she boldly ventured forth, well armed, and resolved to die rather than be retaken.

After having opened and shut after her seven different gates, she at last reached an immense yard, where there were many females belonging to the place. She addressed herself to one of them in a disguised voice, put a piece of gold into her hand, and enquired the way to the chapel ; where she soon arrived, and mixed as fast as she could with a numerous company of visitors, then busy in reviewing such curiosities as were to be seen. With the whole group she was conveyed to the outer gate, called *Porte de Champs*. There she met her faithful sister, who, under the name of *Marianne*, had officiated as her servant. They took a boat, and crossed to the opposite shore.

Notwithstanding her enfeebled state, the countess had strength enough to walk as far as *Charenton*, where they got into a cart, which carried them three leagues further. She afterwards exchanged her manly attire for the simple garb of a country girl. After numberless fatigues, and much anxiety, avoiding the large towns, putting up at the most wretched hovels, travelling sometimes in carts, oftener on foot ; compelled through the inhumanity of a publican, who would not open his door after twelve o'clock, to pass a whole night on the naked ground in *Columby Forest*, near *Bar-sur Aube*, she at last reached the city of *Luxemburg*, and took up her residence in a

neighbouring village, where she remained six weeks, and then set off for London, where she arrived in safety.

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

“ His mind
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison hours enrich'd the world ;
Yet found no times in all the long research,
So glorious or so base, as those he prov'd
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.”

THOMSON.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who was frequently distinguished by the title of the noble and valorous Knight, and whose works have placed him in an important rank in the history of English literature, was doomed to pass the best period of his life in captivity. The reign of James I. may be praised for its pacific character ; but as long as the name of Raleigh shall be remembered, will that reign be stained with one of the foulest crimes a monarch could commit.

Almost immediately after the accession of King James in 1603, Raleigh was imprisoned on a charge of treason, tried at Winchester in November of the same year, and condemned to die. He was however reprieved, and confined a close prisoner in the Tower, where he remained for upwards of fourteen years. During his confinement, he devoted great part of his time to his studies ; and the productions of his pen at this time were so numerous, that he rather resembled a collegian, than a captive ; a student in a library, than a prisoner in the Tower. His principal

work, the History of the World, was written and published during his confinement. He was at length released from the Tower in March, 1615; had the king's commission for a voyage to Guiana, which he made in 1617; but being unsuccessful, the old sentence was revived against him on his return home, and he was sent to the scaffold, to the eternal disgrace of the pusillanimous monarch, whose conduct in this affair gained him the indignation of his contemporaries, and of posterity.

SPANISH CAPTIVES IN ALGIERS.

A Spanish lady, the wife of an officer, with her son, a youth of fourteen, and her daughter, six years old, were taken in a Spanish vessel by the Algerines. The barbarians treated her and both her children with the greatest inhumanity. The eldest they kept in chains; and the defenceless little one they wantonly treated so ill, that the unhappy mother was often nearly deprived of her reason at the blows her infant received from these wretches, who plundered them of every thing. They kept them many days at sea on hard and scanty fare, covered only with a few soiled rags; and in this state brought them to Algiers. They had been long confined in a dreadful dungeon in the bagnio where the slaves are kept, when a messenger was sent to the Aga, or Captain of the Bagnio, for a female slave. It fortunately fell to the lot of the Spanish lady, at the instant she was embracing her son, who was tearing himself from his mother with haggard and disordered looks, to go to his imperious drivers; and while in despair she gazed on her little

worn-out infant, she heard herself summoned to attend the guard of the prison to a family that had sent for a female slave. She obtained permission to take her little daughter with her. She dreaded being refused, and sent back to the horrid dungeon she was leaving, where no difference was paid to rank, and slaves of all conditions were huddled together. She went therefore prepared to accept of any thing short of these sufferings. She was refused, as being in every respect opposite to the description of the person sent for. At length her entreaties and tears prevailed ; compassion overruled every obstacle ; and she, with her little girl, was accepted. But there remained another difficulty ; she had left her son chained in the midst of that dungeon from which she had just been rescued. Her kind patrons soon learned the cause of her distress ; but to send for the youth and treat him kindly, or in any way above that of a common slave, must hazard the demand of so large a ransom for him and his mother, as would for ever preclude the hope of liberty. He was however sent for, and the menial offices they were both engaged to perform were only nominal. With circumspection the whole family were sheltered in this manner for three years ; when the war with the Spaniards growing more inveterate, the Algerines demanded the youth back to the bagnio, to work in common with the other slaves in repairing the damages done to the fortresses by the Spanish cannon. He was now compelled to go, loaded with heavy stones, through the whole of the town ; and at almost every step he received dreadful blows, not being able to hasten his pace from the great weight.

Overcome at last with ill usage, the delicacy of his form and constitution gave way to the excessive labour, and he one morning refused the orders of his master, or driver, to rise from the straw on which he was stretched, declaring they might kill him if they chose, for he would not even try to carry another load of stones. Repeated messages had been sent from the Venetian consul's, where his mother and sister were sheltered, to the Aga, to return him; and when the Algerines found that they had absolutely reduced him so near death, they thought it best to spare his life for the sake of future ransom. They agreed therefore to let him return to the Christian's. His life was for some time despaired of; but through the kind attention he received, he was rescued from the threatened dissolution. His recovery was concealed, for fear of his being demanded back to work; and a few months after, the Spanish peace of 1784 being concluded, a ransom was accepted by the Algerines for this suffering family, and they were set at liberty.

MAGNANIMOUS CRIMINAL.

Mr. Ryland, the artist, who was executed in 1789 for forgery, so conciliated the friendship of the governor of Totheld Fields Bridewell, where he was confined, that he not only had the liberty of the whole house and garden, but when the other prisoners were locked up of an evening, the governor used to take him out with him, and range the fields to a considerable distance. His friends anticipating the consequences of a trial at this time, concerted a plan by which Ryland was to effect an escape in one of these excursions, and

which was to have been executed in such a manner, that the exoneration of his guardian must, of course, have followed of course. But probable as it appeared, when mentioned to the unfortunate man, he was so far from acceding, that he protested that if he was at that moment to meet his punishment, he would embrace it with all its terrors, rather than betray a confidence so humanely given. He was deaf to remonstrance and entreaty, and ultimately preferred the risk of death to a breach of friendship.

MADAME ROLAND.

“To day on a throne, to morrow in a prison.”

“Such,” observes Madame Roland, “is the fate of virtue in revolutionary times. Enlightened men, who have pointed out its rights, are by a nation weary of oppression, first called into authority. But it is not possible that they should maintain their places. The ambitious, eager to take advantage of circumstances, mislead the people by flattery; and to acquire consequence and power, prejudice them against their real friends. Men of principle, who despise adulation, and condemn intrigue, meet not their opposers on equal terms; their fall is therefore certain; the still soft voice of sober reason, amidst the tumult of the passions, is easily overpowered.”

The resignation of the minister Roland, appeased not his enemies; they thirsted for his life. The Revolutionary Committee sent some of their myrmidons to arrest him; but Roland had fled. His wife, the heroic-minded Madame Roland, remained alone to brave all their fury. “Let them,” she said,

“satisfy it upon me ; I defy its power, and devote myself to death. It is incumbent on *him* to save himself for the sake of his country, to which he may be yet capable of rendering important services.” She was sent to the Abbaye.

The wife of the keeper made some civil observations, expressive of the regret she felt when a prisoner of her own sex arrived ; “for,” added she, “they have not all your serene countenance.” Madame Roland thanked her with a smile, while the keeper locked her into a room, hastily put in order for her reception. “Well then,” said she, seating herself, and falling into a train of reflections, “I am in prison.” The moments that followed she declares she would not have exchanged for those which might be esteemed by others, as the happiest of her life. “I recalled the past to my mind,” says she ; “I calculated the events of the future ; I devoted myself, if I may so say, voluntarily to my destiny, whatever it might be ; I defied its rigour, and fixed myself firmly in that state of mind in which, without giving ourselves concern for what is to come, we seek only employment for the present.”

On rising next morning, she busied herself in arranging her apartment. She had in her pocket Thomson’s Seasons, a work of which she was particularly fond. She made a memorandum of such other books as she should wish to procure ; among these were, the Lives of Plutarch, Hume’s History of England, and Sheridan’s Dictionary. While employed in these peaceful preparations, she heard the town in a tumult, and the drums beating to arms. She could not help smiling at the contrast. “At any rate,” said

she, "they shall not prevent my living to my last moment more happy in conscious innocence, than my persecutors, with the rage that animates them. If they come, I will advance to meet them, and go to death as a man would go to repose."

To a faithful domestic, who came to visit her, she observed, "Whenever I have been ill, I have experienced a particular kind of serenity, proceeding unquestionably from my mode of thinking, and from the law I have laid down for myself, of always submitting quietly to necessity, instead of revolting against it. The moment I take to my bed, every duty and every solicitude seems at an end; I am bound only to remain there with resignation and with a good grace. I find that imprisonment produces on me nearly the same effect; I am only bound to be in prison, and what great hardship is there in that? *I am not such very bad company for myself.*"

Madame Roland seemed to take a pleasure in making trials of her fortitude, and inuring herself to privations. She determined to make an experiment how far the mind is capable of diminishing gradually the wants of the body. She began by substituting, in place of coffee and chocolate, bread and water for breakfast. For her dinner, she had one plain dish of meat, with a few vegetables; and for her supper, vegetables also, without a dessert. She relinquished both wine and beer. As her purpose in adopting this conduct was moral rather than economical, she appropriated the sums thus saved, for the relief of those miserable wretches who were lying upon straw: that while eating her dry bread in the morning, she might

have the pleasure of reflecting, that by this deprivation, she was adding to their dinner.

A short time after she was transferred to the prison of St. Pelagie. The wing there appropriated to female prisoners, was divided into long and very narrow corridors, on one side of which were the cells. Under the same roof, and upon the same line, separated only by a thin partition of plaster, was the respectable wife of the virtuous Roland forced to dwell, in the midst of women of the most abandoned characters, and exposed to every sort of insult and contumely. "If this," observed the heroic sufferer, "be the reward of virtue on earth, who can be astonished at my contempt of life, or at the resolution with which I look death in the face."

Fortitude, she justly conceived, consisted not merely in an effort of the mind to rise above circumstances, but in maintaining that elevation by suitable conduct. She divided her days with the exactest order. In the mornings she studied English, in Shaftesbury's Essay on Virtue, and the Seasons of Thomson; with the former she strengthened her reason, with the latter she charmed her imagination and delighted her feelings. Afterwards she employed herself with her crayons till the hour of dinner; and the evenings she devoted either to writing memoirs of her life, or to the perusal of Tacitus and Plutarch. The whole of her conduct was a striking proof how much even the malice of fortune is impotent, when directed against those who have acquired the habit of exerting their faculties, and of exercising over themselves a voluntary controul.

Madame Roland was at length, after five months

confinement, condemned to the scaffold. She beheld the approach of death with unaffected tranquillity. Although past the prime of life, she was still a charming woman ; her person was tall and elegantly framed ; her countenance animated and expressive, but misfortune and confinement had impressed on her aspect traces of melancholy, which tempered its vivacity. In a body moulded by grace, and fashioned by a courtly politeness, she possessed a republican soul. Something more than is generally found in the eyes of women, was painted in her's, which were large, dark, and full of softness and intelligence. Sometimes her sex recovered its ascendancy, and it was easy to perceive that conjugal and maternal recollections had drawn tears from her eyes. The woman who waited upon her said to M. Riouffe, “ Before you she is all courage ; but in her own room she sometimes stands for three hours together, leaning against the window and weeping.”

Nothing could exceed the heroic firmness which she displayed on the scaffold. She suffered her hair to be cut off, and her hands to be bound, without uttering a murmur or complaint. Before laying her head on the block, she bowed to the statue of liberty, exclaiming in a tone of heartfelt pathos,

“ *Oh, liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name !*”

MALESHERBES.

Among the magistrates who were immolated in France during the sanguinary power of Robespierre, was the great and virtuous Malsherbes. He was

seized in the rural retreat to which he had retired from the miseries of his country, along with his daughter and his little grandchildren. When he was brought to Paris, and conducted into the common hall of the prison, where all the prisoners were assembled, they were struck with astonishment, and all rose respectfully to support his steps as he approached: he was shown to the only seat which the room contained. Malsherbes looked around, and said with a smile, "The arm chair is due to age; I am not sure of my title to it, I see another old man who must take it before me." He was condemned to death with his whole family.

AUTHOR OF "BARON MUNCHAUSEN."

During the same reign of terror, there was among the British subjects imprisoned in Paris, a man of a peculiar cast of character, who, under the most uncouth and neglected exterior, concealed one of the best of hearts. His person was at the time meagre and spare, and overshadowed as it generally was by a hat of an immense military cock, formed no unapt representation of Shakespeare's pistol. The gentleman we allude to was Mr. M——, better known among his friends by the appellation of *the Baron*, from his having given to the world the wonderful exploits and adventures of Baron Munchausen. After many vicissitudes of fortune in England, Mr. M. proceeded to France, in order to offer his services to the republican government, and soon after was presented with a lieutenancy in the regiment commanded by another Englishman of unfortunate memory, Colonel Oswald.

Although attached in the first instance to the cause of the revolution, Mr. M. by no means approved of its later stages ; nor would his principles permit him to continue in the service after the death of the king, and the declaration of war against his own country. His resignation provoked the jealousy of the ruling party ; he was arrested, and thrown into prison. While confined here, he became an object of very tender solicitude to a young French woman, who though she moved only in the humble capacity of a servant, had conceived a strong attachment to the Baron's person. Whatever money she was able to earn by her labour, she remitted to him ; and as often as her weekly holiday permitted, she was a regular visitor at his prison. The privilege of receiving the visits of their friends was after some time however denied to the prisoners, and the baron was obliged to forego the company of his beloved Marie, consoling himself with the idea that though out of sight, she might still be constant to him. Nor did he Marie any more than justice. The faithful girl continued to send him daily supplies of every thing, even to a little luxury, which it was in her power to procure ; and though no man in the prison was poorer than Mr. M. few of them could boast of more personal comforts. The sequel of this anecdote it gives us infinite pleasure to relate. After the liberation of Mr. M. and soon after he had departed for England, Marie brought him a son. On receiving intelligence of this from a friend in Paris, Mr. M. immediately forwarded her a supply of money for her present exigences, though he very much inconvenienced himself. Nor was this all. As he was the first man who had

got possession of her good graces, and as he had made a thorough trial of her fidelity and attachment to him, he found means of getting her over to England ; and the humble Marie became Mrs. M.

PRISONERS AT OLMUTZ.

When the Marquis de la Fayette and several general officers quitted the French army, then in insurrection, after the famous 10th of August, they were seized by the King of Prussia ; from him transferred to the custody of Austria ; and long confined in the castle of Olmutz. To the honour of Madame de la Fayette, she desired and obtained leave to share the captivity of her husband, but other wives were less fortunate.

To maintain some intercourse with his family, M. de Pusy, one of the imprisoned party, concealed a tooth-pick, and mingling his spittle (and often his tears) with soot, he contrived to write in the blank pages and margin of some pious works, which he hired from a bookseller in the town, such information as he desired should reach his wife. That the bookseller had weighty reasons for tolerating the destruction of his treatises on good lines, need not to be doubted.

But a much more remarkable circumstance attended this imprisonment, and which displays a singular instance of ingenuity. Although each of the prisoners was kept solitary, yet their apartments were so constructed, that they were within hearing of each other, when standing at the windows of their respective chambers. To improve this advantage, they thought of the following plan. There is at Paris a number of tunes, called airs of the Pont Neuf, or those popular

ballads that were sung at corners of streets, and at other public places. The words belonging to these airs were so well known, that to strike up a few of the notes, was to recal to memory the words that accompanied them. The captives at Olmutz gradually composed for themselves a vocal vocabulary, by whistling these notes at their windows ; and this vocabulary, after a short time, became so complete, and even rich, that two or three notes from each air formed their alphabet, and effected their intercourse. By this means they communicated to each other news concerning their families, the progress of the war, &c. ; and when by good fortune, one of them had procured a gazette, he *whistled* the contents of it to his partners in suffering.

The commander of the fortress was constantly informed of those unaccountable concerts. He listened, he set spies ; but the whole being a language of convention, the most practised musician would have failed in detecting the intention and real expression of the notes he heard. In vain was whistling prohibited ; at length the Austrian, weary of conjecture, interposed no further to prevent what he could not comprehend.

MORE PROVOKING THAN PAINFUL.

Where the number of electors is so small as in a Scotch borough, much room is afforded for intrigue and foul play. Carrying off a delegate, is nearly as common a prank as carrying off an heiress in another country ; and it has not unfrequently happened to a decent Scotch baillie, to find himself gathering cockles on the Norway shore, when he should have been voting for a representative to the great council of the nation in the Town Hall of his native burgh.

An amusing affair of this sort is related, in which the once noted Lady Wallace, sister of the late Duchess of Gordon, figured as the gay entrapper. General Skreene was appointed delegate for a borough, in an interest opposed to that of a party whose success had Lady Wallace's best wishes. On the eve of the election, she sent an invitation to the general to partake of a *tete-a-tete* collation. The bait was tempting ; the general went ; and when he expected to be ushered into her ladyship's presence, he found himself suddenly locked up in a suite of apartments, where there was every thing convenient for supping, sleeping, &c. ; but no means of egress, except for a Trenck, or a De la Tude. Lady W. amused herself in the interim in an anti-chamber, where she stood sentinel, with writing the following lines :

“ Ah ! heavy my heart, and deep my remorse is,
 The woes of this gallant gay hero to note ;
 Commander in chief of His Majesty's forces,
 In durance detain'd, and depriv'd of his vote !
 Hark ! how on the pannels he kicks and he scrawls !
 With lily-white hands he batters the panes out ;
 In accents of anguish for succour he bawls,
 Heav'n grant ! that in fury he beat not his brains out ! ”

OLD SCRANNY.

Some years ago, the Shawano Indians being obliged to remove from their habitations, in their way took a Muskohge warrior, known by the name of Old Scranny, prisoner ; they bastinadoed him severely, and condemned him to the fiery torture. He underwent a

great deal without shewing any concern ; his countenance and behaviour gave no indication of the pain he suffered. He told his persecutors with a bold voice, that he was a warrior ; that he had gained the most of his martial reputation at the expence of their nation ; and was so desirous of shewing them in the act of dying, that he was still as much their superior, as when he headed his gallant countrymen against them, that although he had fallen into their hands, and forfeited the protection of the Divine Power, by some impurity or other, when carrying the holy ark of war against his devoted enemies, yet he had so much remaining virtue as would enable him to punish himself more exquisitely, than all their despicable ignorant crowd possibly could ; and that he would do so, if they gave him liberty by untying him, and handing him one of the red hot barrels out of the fire. The proposal and his method of address appeared so exceedingly bold and uncommon, that his request was granted. Then suddenly seizing the red hot barrel, and brandishing it from side to side, he found his way through the armed and astonished multitude ; leaped down a prodigiously steep and high bank into the river ; dived through it, ran over a small island, and passed the other branch amidst a shower of bullets ; and though numbers of his enemies were in close pursuit of him, he got into a bramble swamp, through which, though naked and in a mangled condition, he reached his own country.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

The celebrated Captain John Smith, some time President of Virginia, and one of the most extraordinary men that ever appeared on the theatre of life, when young, served in the Transylvanian army, where he greatly distinguished himself. In a battle near Rotenton, in which the Turks and Tartars were the victors, Captain Smith was severely wounded and taken prisoner. He was sold to the Basha Bogal, who sent him as a present to his mistress, Tragabigzanda, at Constantinople; accompanied with a message as full of vanity as void of truth, that he had conquered a Bohemian nobleman, and presented him to her as a slave.

The present proved more acceptable to the lady than was intended; and Smith became so much in favour, that to prevent his being ill-used or sold again, she sent him to her brother, the Basha of Nalbraitz, in the county of the Cambrian Tartars, on the borders of the sea of Asoph. Her pretence was, that he should there learn the manners and language, as well as religion of the Tartars; but from the terms in which the lady wrote to her brother, he suspected she had some other design, and resolved to disappoint her. Within an hour after Smith's arrival, he was stripped; his head and beard shaved, and an iron collar put round his neck. He was clothed with a coat of hair cloth, and driven to labour among other Christian slaves. He had now no hope of redemption, nor did the condition of his fellow slaves alleviate his despondency. In the depth of his distress, an opportu-

nity presented itself for an escape, which to a person of a less courageous and adventurous spirit would have proved an aggravation of misery. He was employed in threshing, in a large field about a league distant from the house of his tyrant, who in his daily visits treated him with abusive language, accompanied with blows and kicks. This was more than Smith could bear; therefore watching an opportunity when no other person was present, he levelled a blow at him with his threshing instrument, which stretched him senseless on the ground. Smith then filled a bag with grain, mounted the Basha's horse, and betaking himself to the desert, wandered for two or three days, ignorant of the way, but so fortunate as not to meet with a single person who might give information of his flight. At length he came to a post erected in a cross road, by the marks on which he found the way to Muscovy, and in sixteen days arrived at Exapolis, on the river Don, where was a Russian garrison. The commander, finding that he was a Christian, received him courteously, took off his iron collar, and gave him letters of recommendation, by means of which he travelled through part of Russia and Poland, till he got back to his friends in Transylvania.

Some years afterwards, Captain Smith had a no less miraculous escape from captivity in another quarter of the globe. Being one of the adventurers to Virginia in 1607, and one of the principal founders of the English colony there, he made several excursions to explore the country. In one of these, he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and several of his companions

were killed. An ivory compass and dial which he presented to the chief, afforded the Indians much amusement. At length curiosity being satiated, they fastened him to a tree, and prepared to despatch him with their arrows. At this moment the chief holding up the compass, which they esteemed as a divinity, they laid aside their arms, and forming a military procession, led him in triumph to their village, Orapaxe.

After carrying him through several nations inhabiting the banks of the Potowmack and Rappahanock, and performing several strange incantations to divine whether his intentions were friendly or hostile, they brought him to the Emperor Powhatan, who received him in royal state, clothed in a robe of racoon skins, and seated on a kind of throne, elevated above the floor of a large hut, in the midst of which was a fire; at each side of the prince sat a beautiful girl, his daughters, and along each side of the house a number of his counsellors, painted, and adorned with feathers and shells. On the entrance of Smith, a great shout was made; the Queen of Apamatox brought him water to wash his hands, and another served him with a bunch of feathers instead of a towel. Having feasted him after their custom, a long consultation was held; which being finished, two large stones were brought in, on one of which the head of Smith was laid, and clubs were raised to kill him. At this critical moment Pocahontas, the king's favourite daughter, then only twelve years of age, flew to Smith, took his head in her arms, and laid her own upon it. Her tender entreaties prevailed; the king consented that Smith should live to make hatchets for him, and ornaments for his daughter.

Two days after Captain Smith was released, on the

promise of sending some presents to Powhatan and his daughter ; which, on reaching the fort at James Town, he did not neglect. The Princess Pocahontas was afterwards made a prisoner in Virginia, and married a Mr. John Rolfe, who brought her to England.

Captain Smith, then in London, addressed a letter to the queen, in which he stated the merits of the Indian princess, and the eminent services she had done to him and the colony of Virginia. She was introduced at court, and received by the queen and royal family with great complacency ; and she proved herself worthy of their notice and respect. After remaining some time in London, Mr. Rolfe was preparing to return with his wife to Virginia, when she was taken ill and died at Gravesend, leaving an infant son, Thomas Rolfe, from whom are descended several families in Virginia, who hold their lands by inheritance from the humane and amiable Princess Pocahontas.

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Yes, gentle reader, in this boasted land of liberty, negro slavery, in its most degrading form, still exists in twelve of the American States. The poor negro is reduced to the most servile drudgery, from which it is almost impossible to emerge, since it is thought the greatest degradation for a white man to have any intercourse with one of the sable race. Mr. Fearon, a writer, who has discovered a strong partiality for these trans-atlantic republicans, speaks very plainly on this subject. The first article of the Ohio constitution declares, that “ All men are born equally free

and independent." This is the law; at Cincinnati Mr. Fearon discovered the practice.

"Many persons in this state," says he, "have coloured people, whom they call *their property*. The mode in which they effect this perpetuation of slavery, in violation of the spirit of the Ohio constitution, is to purchase blacks, and have them apprenticed to them. Some are so base as to take these negroes down the river, at the approach of the expiration of their apprenticeship, *and sell them at Natchetz for life.*"

Of the manner in which the slaves are treated, the following proof, so afflicting to humanity, is related by the same author.

"A few minutes before dinner, my attention was excited by the piteous cries of a human voice, accompanied with the loud cracking of a whip. Following the sound, I found that it issued from a log-barn, the door of which was fastened. Peeping through the logs, I perceived the bar-keeper, together with a stout man, more than six feet high, who was Colonel —, and a negro boy about fourteen years of age stripped naked, receiving the lashes of these monsters, who *relieved* each other in the use of a horsewhip; the poor boy fell down upon his knees several times, begging and praying that they would not kill him, and that he would do anything they liked; this produced no cessation in their *exercice*. At length Mr. Lawes arrived, told the valiant Colonel and his humane employer, the bar-keeper, to desist, and that the boy's refusal to cut wood, was in obedience to his (Mr. L.'s) directions. Colonel — said that he did not know what the *niggars* had done,

but that the bar-keeper requested his assistance to whip Cæsar ; of course he lent him a hand, being no more than he should expect Mr. Lawes to do for him, under similar circumstances."

AFRICAN LOVERS.

Among the unfortunate victims of the frightful traffic in slaves, brought to Tripoli in 1788, were a beautiful black female, about sixteen years of age, and a young man of good appearance. They had been purchased by a Moorish family of distinction. They were obliged to be watched night and day, and all instruments kept out of their reach, as they were continually endeavouring to destroy themselves, and sometimes each other. Their story will prove that friendship and fidelity are not strangers to the negro race. This female, who had been the admiration of her own country, had bestowed her heart and her hand on the man who was then with her. Their nuptials were going to be celebrated, when her friends one morning missing her, traced her steps to the corner of an adjacent wood, immediately apprehending that she had been pursued, and that she had flown to the thicket for shelter, which is the common and best resource of escape from those who scour the country for slaves.

The parents went directly to her lover, and told him of their distress. He, without losing time to search for her in the thicket, hastened to the sea side, where his foreboding heart told him he should find her in some vessel anchored there for carrying off slaves.

He was just easy enough in his circumstances not to be afraid of being bought or stolen himself, as it is in general only the unprotected that are carried off by these hunters of the human race. His conjectures were just---he saw his betrothed wife in the hands of those who had stolen her. He knelt to the robbers who had now the disposal of her, to know the price they demanded for her. A hundred mahboobs (nearly a hundred pounds) was fixed ; but, alas ! all that he was worth did not make him rich enough for the purchase. He did not hesitate a moment to sell his little flock of sheep, and the small piece of ground he possessed ; and lastly, he disposed of himself to those who had taken his companion. Happy that they would do him this last favour, he cheerfully accompanied her, and threw himself into slavery for her sake. This faithful pair, on their arrival at Tripoli, were sold to a merchant, who determined on sending off the female with the rest of the slaves, to be sold again, she having, from her beauty, cost too much money to be kept as a servant. The merchant intended to keep the man as a domestic in his own family.

The distressed pair on hearing they were to be separated, became frantic. They threw themselves on the ground before some of the ladies of the family, whom they saw passing by, and finding that one of them was the daughter of their master, they clung around her, and implored her assistance ; nor could their grief be moderated, until this humane lady assured them that she would intercede with her father not to part them.

The black fell at the merchant's feet, and entreated him not to separate them, declaring that if he did, he would lose all the money he had paid for them both; for that although knives and poison were kept out of their way, no one could force them to eat, and that no human means could make them break the oath they had already taken in the presence of the God they worshipped, never to live asunder.

Tears and entreaties prevailed so far with the merchant, as to suffer them to remain together, and they were sold to the owner of a merchant vessel, who took them, with several others, to Constantinople.

ESCAPE OF MRS. SPENCER SMITH.

In 1806 the French force, under General Lauriston, entered Venice, and established there a new government. Mrs. Spencer Smith, the sister in law of the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, was then resident there, for the benefit of her health, with two infant children.

She received an order to appear before the French police. On obeying the summons, she was declared to be under arrest as a French prisoner, and received an order to depart within a week, for the city of Bassano, the place fixed upon by the government for her residence. She demanded to know the reason for which she was thus treated; and was answered, "*Your country and your name.*"

A very few days after, it appeared that the order

to repair to Bassano was a mere feint, and that the real instructions of the French police were to send her a prisoner of war to the fortress of Valenciennes ! At the moment when she was anxiously waiting to receive a passport, to enable her to quit Venice, she was arrested by a party of gendarmes, told of her destination to Valenciennes, and placed in a state of close confinement in her chamber, previously to being conducted to France.

The friends of Mrs. Smith were struck with consternation and grief at this change in her fate ; but endued herself with an admirable degree of fortitude, she roused the courage of those who wept around her ; nor once appeared shaken till her lovely infants came running to her arms, to ask their mamma why she was so sad ? She wished, by any sacrifice, to preserve them from the fate to which she was doomed. But how was this to be done ? Who was able to help her by saving them ? In evident anguish she looked round on each of the small circle of friends who sympathized with her situation, and in mournful silence her eyes explained her supplication to them all.

Among the number of these friends was a young Sicilian nobleman, the Marquis de Salvo. Overcome by the sensations which so tender a scene excited, he rushed from the room ; and when he had recovered composure sufficient to return, it was to intimate privately to Mrs. Smith, that he had formed and resolved to execute, at all hazards, the generous design of effecting the escape both of herself and of her children.

The children not having been placed under the

immediate vigilance of the police, the Marquis succeeded, without any great difficulty, in getting them conveyed away to Gratz, where the Countess Strazzoldo, a sister of Mrs. Smith, resided ; but he did not think it prudent to make the attempt to effect Mrs. Smith's own escape, till after she had left Venice, and was on her way to the Alps.

It was necessary to the success of the project, that the Marquis de Salvo should accompany Mrs. Smith on the road ; and nothing being more reasonable than her request, that a friend might be permitted to travel with her, it was readily complied with, and the Marquis took his seat beside Mrs. Smith, in the gondola which conveyed her a prisoner from Venice.

It was at Brescia that the Marquis had determined to accomplish Mrs. Smith's deliverance, it being the nearest place to a neutral territory. The party were to stop here two days. The room of the inn in which Mrs. Smith was confined, was fifty feet from the ground, and the gendarmes were posted in the room adjoining, with the door open. The Marquis de Salvo occupied an apartment in another part of the house. Early on the morning after their arrival the Marquis slipped out unseen by the gendarmes ; and while the police of Brescia were yet in ignorance of his arrival with Mrs. Smith, went and got a passport signed for the Tyrol. From the police he hastened to survey the outlets of the city ; but to his sorrow, could see no other passage than through the gates, which were all strongly guarded. He was not however dismayed, but immediately set about procuring all the means for their escape ; a light carriage, which could travel any where ; horses, to spare them the necessity of waiting

at the post-houses ; a man's dress for the disguise of Mrs. Smith ; and, finally, a bill of health, which would be requisite on entering another country. All this he accomplished before ten o'clock in the morning, when he returned to Mrs. Smith, and availed himself of an hour, while the soldiers were at the street door, to settle with her all that was to be prepared and attempted. It was agreed that he should go next day to reconnoitre the environs of Brescia, and collect all the information possible, respecting the places through which it would be necessary to pass ; and that on the ensuing night, at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Smith was to let down a string from the window to the ground, to which the Marquis was to be ready to tie a paper, communicating what further discoveries and arrangements he had made.

Returning down stairs, the Marquis told the guards that his affairs prevented him from continuing any longer in the company of this woman ; that the slow manner in which she travelled greatly retarded his journey ; that he had to go to Paris with all possible despatch, and besides, (flattering them by apparent confidence) he assured them that he did not like to be exposed to the stigma of being the friend of a woman, whose arrest was demanded by the Emperor of the French. He added, that it was his intention to leave Brescia that very evening ; and that as he did not like to tell the lady that such was his intention, he begged as a favour, that they would have the goodness to inform her of it themselves. The guards murmured their opinions to one another ; and turning to the Marquis, in a friendly tone commended his

design, and promised to be the faithful bearers of his apology to the lady.

At four o'clock next morning, the Marquis passed the gates of Brescia, and directed his steps to Salo. On his arrival there no officer appeared at the gate to demand his passport, nor did he perceive any crowd of idle gazers about his chaise, *to look at the stranger*, as is the custom in the small towns and villages of Italy ; circumstances which made him at once fix on the place as one which it would be an easy matter to pass through without observation. He then hastened to the borders of the Lake di Garda, where he engaged a covered boat with twelve oars, to be ready next morning at six o'clock, for passing the lake with all expedition.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon nothing further remained to be prepared at Salo, and as he could not well return to Brescia before the evening, he employed the interval in making a ladder of rope and pieces of wood, and succeeded in making one as long as he thought would be required. When this important implement was finished, he wrote a letter of instructions to Mrs. Smith ; and as the night closed in, returned to Brescia, which he entered just as the gates were shutting. He left the horse and chaise at an inn, situated in a solitary square, telling the ostler that he would return by three o'clock in the morning.

It was near three o'clock when, dressed as a Brescian postillion, and with the rope ladder and letter under his cloak, he advanced through the most lonely streets, towards the Inn called the Two Towers,

where Mrs. Smith was. He stopped before he approached to the window ; he listened for some time to the noise of the soldiers ; and after convincing himself that they were occupied in drinking, he drew near and felt for the string with his hand. Having found it, he tied the ladder and letter to it ; and on pulling it gently, it was instantly drawn up. He then retired, overjoyed at seeing the first danger so well got over.

After waiting three hours, he returned under the window, at which, shortly after, a figure presented itself ; it was Mrs. Smith ; the Marquis drew near ; Mrs. S. asked in a low voice, “ If he was her friend ? ” De Salvo replied, “ I am that friend, and wait for you.” Mrs. Smith instantly proceeded to fasten the ladder. “ Scarcely was this done,” says the Marquis, “ when I saw Mrs. Smith take hold of the window, and cling to the wall, pressing with uncertain foot the first step. I perceived she was reluctant in trusting herself upon it ; the unhappy lady stood tottering upon the step, and seemed to tremble so much, that I was afraid of her falling. But I was agreeably undeceived when I beheld her grasping the knots of the ladder, and boldly determined to descend. What an interesting spectacle ! A forlorn woman, anxious to escape from captivity, committing herself from a height to ropes, which, even while they tore her delicate fingers, she kissed in exstasy, because they were instrumental to her release. And at the same time, armed sentinels in the adjoining apartment, who were ready to dart upon her if their sleep were interrupted by the least noise. Happily the silence of the night, and its intense gloom, remained undisturbed ; and

she reached the ground without receiving any essential injury."

Mrs. Smith and her gallant liberator now hurried in breathless haste from street to street, till they reached the summit of the fortress of Brescia. Here the violence of Mrs. Smith's desire to save herself was such, that she actually offered to attempt scaling the walls ; but on the Marquis acquainting her that a chaise was in waiting at the inn near the gates, her agitation was somewhat calmed. They found the chaise ready, but the hour for opening the gates had not yet arrived ; at their earnest entreaties, however, the guard opened them, and they passed through on the 3rd of May, at four o'clock in the morning.

They reached Salo at half an hour after six the same morning ; hastened on board the boat which the Marquis had engaged to convey them across the Lake di Garda, and in eight hours more, reached the Tyrolean frontier in safety.

CAPTAIN GOLOWNIN.

The Emperor of Russia being anxious to open a commercial intercourse with Japan, Captain Golownin was despatched there in 1811, in the sloop *Diana*. On his arrival, he was enticed into a Japanese fortress with professions of friendship, and himself, two of his officers, four sailors, and a Kurile pilot, were all made prisoners. They were tied together with cords, round their breasts and necks, their hands being first firmly secured. After being marched to various places, for fifty days, the captives were conducted to a prison in a city called Chakodale.

Here they underwent several tedious examinations; and Captain Golownin being deprived of paper and ink, had recourse to a singular mode of keeping a journal, somewhat similar to that of the American Indians, with their strings of Wampum. When anything agreeable happened to himself and his companions, he tied a knot on a white thread, which he drew out of the frill of his shirt; and when anything unpleasant occurred, he made a memorandum of it by tying a knot on a thread of black silk, taken out of his neck handkerchief. These knots he frequently counted over, in order to recall to mind the events which they served to denote. At length the prisoners were conducted to Matsmai, the capital of an island of the same name, and literally confined in cages, as appears by the following extract from Captain Golownin's Narrative of his Captivity.

“In the middle of the prison were two cages formed of spars. They were so placed as to leave a passage between each, and also passages between them and the walls of the prison. One cage was six paces square, and ten feet high; the other was of an equal breadth and height, but was eight paces long. We three officers were put into the former; the sailors and Alexei were confined in the latter. The entrance to the cage was so low, that we were obliged to creep into it. The door was formed of massy spars, and was fastened by a strong iron bolt. Above the door was a small hole, through which our food was handed to us. A guard-room was placed against the spars, which formed the entrance side of the prison, and which was occupied by two soldiers in the service of the Imperial government, who were constantly on

guard ; they could see us all, and seldom turned their eyes away from us. The whole building was surrounded at the distance of from six to eight paces by a high wall or fence, with sharp pointed wooden stakes, and in which there was a door exactly opposite that of the prison. The outer guard consisted of soldiers belonging to the Prince of Tzyngar. They were not allowed to come near us, nor even to pass within the first fence, but patrolled the rounds every half hour. During the night they had fire, and struck the hours with two boards ; the Imperial soldiers visited us every half hour, walked round our cages, and looked through the spars. The whole structure was situated between an abrupt and deep hollow, through which a stream flowed, and the rampart of the castle from which it was separated by a road of no great breadth. At night this prison was most horribly dismal ; we had no fire ; a night lamp supplied with fish oil, and placed in a paper lantern, was kept burning in the guard-room ; but the feeble glimmering light which it shed between the spars, was scarcely capable of rendering any object visible to us. The clanking noise made every half hour by the moving of the locks and bolts when the soldiers inspected us, rendered this gloomy place still more disagreeable, and did not allow us to enjoy a moment's repose."

At length, weary of confinement in this wretched place, and without hope of a speedy liberation, Captain Golownin, and five of his companions in misfortune, made their escape from the cage ; but after suffering extreme hardship, and wandering for ten days in the country, they were retaken, and

again conducted to their prison. Several long and tedious examinations ensued ; and at last they were liberated, in consequence of the successful negotiations of Lieutenant Rickord, after being confined for two years, two months, and twenty-six days.

FREEMASONS IN PORTUGAL.

Between the years 1740 and 1750, the Freemasons were subject to great persecutions in Portugal. *A* jeweller of the name of Moutou was seized and confined in the prison of the Inquisition, while it was reported he had absconded with a diamond ; and a friend of his, John Coustos, a native of Switzerland, was also arrested as an accessory in the imputed robbery. The fact was, that these two persons were the leading Freemasons in Lisbon, which constituted their crime. Coustos was confined in a lonely dungeon, whose horrors were heightened by the complaints, the dismal cries, and hollow groans, of several other prisoners in the adjoining cells. He was frequently brought before the Inquisitors, who were anxious to extort from him the secrets of masonry ; but refusing to give any information, he was confined in a still deeper and more horrible dungeon. Finding threats, entreaties, and remonstrances in vain, Coustos was condemned to the tortures of the holy office.

“ I was hereupon,” says Coustos in his narrative, “ conveyed to the torture room, built in form of a square tower, where no light appeared but what two candles gave ; and to prevent the dreadful cries and shocking groans of the unhappy victims from reaching the ears of the other prisoners, the doors were lined

with a sort of quilt. The reader will naturally suppose, that I must be seized with horror, when at my entering this infernal place, I saw myself surrounded on a sudden by six wretches, who after preparing the tortures, stripped me naked (all to my drawers); when stretching me on my back, they began to lay hold of every part of my body. First they put round my neck an iron collar, which was fastened to the scaffold; they then fixed a ring to each foot; and this being done, they stretched my limbs with all their might. They next tied two ropes round each arm, and two round each thigh; which ropes passed under the scaffold, through holes made for that purpose; and were all drawn tight at the same time by four men, on a signal made for this purpose. These ropes, which were of the size of one's little finger, pierced through my flesh quite to the bone, making the blood gush out at eight different places that were so bound. At my side stood a physician and a surgeon, who often felt my temples, to judge of the danger I might be in.

“ Finding that the tortures above described could not extort any discovery from me, they were so inhuman six weeks after as to expose me to another kind of torture, more grievous, if possible, than the former. They made me stretch my arms in such a manner, that the palms of my hands were turned outward; when by the help of a rope that fastened them together at the wrist, and which they turned by an engine, they drew them nearer to one another behind in such a manner, that the back of each hand touched, and stood exactly parallel one on the other; whereby both my shoulders were dislocated, and a quantity of

blood issued from my mouth. This torture was repeated thrice ; after which I was again sent to my dungeon, and put into the hands of physicians and surgeons, who in setting my bones put me to exquisite pain.

“ Two months after, being a little recovered, I was again conveyed to the torture room, and there made to undergo another kind of punishment twice. The torturers turned twice round my body a thick iron chain, which crossing upon my stomach, terminated afterwards at my wrists. They next set my back against a thick board, at each extremity whereof was a pulley, through which there run a rope that caught the ends of the chains at my wrists. The tormentors then stretching these ropes by means of a roller, pressed or bruised my stomach in proportion as the ropes were drawn tighter. On this occasion my wrists and shoulders were put out of joint.”

Before he had recovered, he was again subjected to this torture, and then remanded to his dungeon, where he continued until their *auto da fé*, or gaol delivery, when he was made to walk in the procession of the other victims of this tribunal. Being arrived at St. Dominic's Church, his sentence was read, which condemned him to the galley for four years, although he had suffered the torture no less than nine times.

After remaining at the galley some time, and with the utmost pain and difficulty doing the labour assigned the slaves, that of carrying water (one hundred pounds weight) to the prisons of the city, he was through the interest of the Duke of Newcastle claimed as a subject of Great Britain, and released on the

condition of quitting Lisbon for ever. He sailed in a Dutch vessel for London, where he arrived safe in December, 1744, after a long and dangerous voyage.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

Richard Savage, a man equally distinguished by his virtues and his vices, and at once remarkable for his weaknesses and abilities, died in the common jail at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of only eight pounds !

During his imprisonment, he frequently received visits, and sometimes presents from his acquaintances ; but they were quite insufficient for his subsistence, for the greater part of which he was indebted to the generosity of his keeper. This benevolent gaoler treated him with the utmost tenderness and civility during the whole of his confinement. He was supported by him at his own table, without any certainty of recompense ; had a room to himself ; was allowed to stand at the door of the prison, and sometimes taken out into the fields ; so that he suffered fewer hardships in prison than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest part of his life. The cheerfulness with which he bore his confinement, appears from a letter which he wrote to one of his friends in London, dated January 30, 1743. The following is an extract :

“ I now write to you from my confinement in Newgate, where I have been since Monday last was se’nnight, and where I enjoy myself with much more tranquillity than I have known for upwards of a twelvemonth past ; having a room entirely to myself,

pursuing the amusement of my poetical studies, uninterrupted, and agreeable to my mind. I thank the Almighty I am now all collected in myself; and though my person is in confinement, my mind can expatiate on ample and useful subjects with all the freedom imaginable. I am now more conversant with the Nine than ever; and if instead of a Newgate bird, I may be allowed to be a bird of the muses, I assure you, sir, I sing very freely in my cage; sometimes indeed in the plaintive notes of the nightingale; but at others in the cheerful strains of the lark."

When he had been six months in prison, a charge of atrocious ingratitude was made against him by Pope. Mr. Savage returned a very solemn protestation of his innocence; but appeared much disturbed at the accusation. Some days afterwards he was seized with a pain in his back and side, which as it was not violent, was not suspected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of July he confined himself to his room, and a fever seized his spirits. The symptoms grew every day more formidable, but his condition did not enable him to procure any assistance. The last time that the keeper saw him was on July the 31st, 1743; when Savage seeing him at his bedside, said with uncommon earnestness, "I have something to say to you, sir;" but after a pause moved his hand in a melancholy manner; and finding himself unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, said, "'Tis gone!" The keeper soon after left him, and the next morning he died.

Such was the melancholy end of the unfortunate Richard Savage; and however much he may be cen-

sured for his imprudence by some, yet as his able biographer has observed, "those are no proper judges of his conduct, who have slumbered away their time on the down of plenty ; nor will any wise man presume to say, 'Had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived, or written better than Savage.' "

ADOPTED SON.

At the battle of Freehold, during the first American war, a young English officer, closely pressed by two Abenakis Indians, with upraised hatchets, no longer hoped for life, and only resolved to sell it dearly. At the moment when he expected to sink beneath them, an old Indian armed with a bow approached him, and prepared to aim an arrow ; but having adjusted it, in an instant he dropt his bow, and ran to throw himself between the young officer and his assailants ; they immediately retired with respect.

The old man took his prisoner by the hand, encouraged him by caresses, and conducted him to his cabin. It was winter, and the Indians were retiring home. Here he kept him for some time, treating him with undiminished softness, and making him less his slave, than his companion. At length he taught him the Abenakis language, and the rude arts in use among that people. They became perfectly satisfied with each other, and the young officer was comparatively happy---except at times when his heart was wrung, to perceive the old man intently fix his eyes on him and shed tears.

At the return of spring the Indians returned to arms, and prepared for the campaign. The old man, yet

sufficiently strong to support the fatigues of war, set out with them accompanied by his prisoner. The Abenakis made a march of more than two hundred leagues across the desert, till at length they arrived within sight of an English camp; the old Indian pointed it out to the young officer, at the same time contemplating him wistfully. "Behold thy brothers!" said he to him; "behold where they wait to give us battle! Hear me; I have saved thy life, I have taught thee to make a canoe, bows, and arrows; to obtain the means to make them from the forest; to manage the hatchet, and to take off the scalp of an enemy. What wert thou when I took thee to my cabin? Thy hands were those of a child; they neither served to nourish nor defend thee; thy soul was in night; thou knew nothing; thou owest me all! Wilt thou, then, be ungrateful enough to join thy brothers, and raise the hatchet against us?"

The young Englishman vowed he would rather lose a thousand lives, than spill the blood of one Abenakis. The Indian looked on his prisoner with earnestness, and in a mingled tone of tenderness and sorrow, enquired, "Hast thou a father?" "He was alive," answered the young man, "when I left my country." "Oh how miserable he must be!" cried the Indian; and after a moment of silence, he added, "Knowest thou that I have been a father? I am so no more! I saw my child fall in the battle; he was at my side. I saw him die like a warrior; he was covered with wounds, my child, when he fell! But I have avenged him! Yes, I have avenged him." The Indian at pronouncing these words was much agitated; then turning to the East, where the sun was just rising, he

said to the young Englishman, "Seest thou that beauteous sun, resplendent of brightness? Hast thou pleasure in seeing it?" "Yes," answered he, "I have pleasure in seeing that beautiful sky." "Ah, well! I have it no more," said the Indian, shedding a torrent of tears. A moment after he shewed the young officer a flowering shrub. "Seest thou that fine tree?" said he to him; "and hast thou pleasure in looking upon it?" "Yes I have," he answered. "I have it no more," returned the Indian, with precipitation; "but as for thou---Go, return to thy country, that thy father may again with pleasure mark the rising sun, and behold the springing flower."

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

This unhappy monarch, whose courage and enterprise had raised him to a throne, not by a succession of bloody acts, but by the free choice of an oppressed nation, for many years struggled with fortune, and left no means untried which indefatigable policy or solicitation of succours could attempt, to recover his crown; at length he chose for his retirement a country where he might enjoy the participation of that liberty, which he had so vainly endeavoured to secure to the Corsicans; but his situation in London by degrees grew wretched, and he was reduced so low, as to be several years before his death a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench.

Theodore told a friend of his in London, as an instance of the superstition of mankind, that there was a very high mountain in Corsica, which was carefully avoided from a long received opinion, that whoever

ascended it would be unhappy and unsuccessful in all his future undertakings. Theodore, in order to convince them of the weakness of such a belief, in spite of all their remonstrances, insisted on climbing the fatal mountain ; on the top of which he found a beautiful plain, and a great quantity of game, so tame that he could take them with his hands.

To the honour of some private persons, a charitable contribution was set on foot for him in 1753. And in 1757, at the expense of a gentleman, a marble was erected to his memory in the church-yard of St. Ann's Westminster, with the following inscription :

Near this place is Interred,
THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA,
Who died in this parish December 11, 1756,
Immediately after leaving
The King's Bench Prison,
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency.
In consequence of which,
He registered his kingdom of Corsica
For the use of his creditors.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings ;
But Theodore this moral learn'd e'er dead,
Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread.

PARK, A PRISONER AMONG THE MOORS.

During the travels of the celebrated Mungo Park into the interior of Africa, he was made a prisoner, and conveyed to the Moorish camp at Benown, on

the borders of the Great Desert, and the residence of Ali, the Moorish chief, or sovereign of Ludemar. The first night he was compelled to sleep on a mat that was spread upon the sand before the tent, and where he was summoned before the curious multitude, and subjected to continued insult and irritation.

The Moors, though very indolent themselves, are rigid taskmasters, and keep every person under them in full employment. To Mr. Park was assigned the respectable office of barber; but happening in his first essay to make a slight incision in the head of the Young Prince of Ludemar, the king concluded that his son's head was in very improper hands; he was ordered to resign his razor, and walk out of the tent.

When Ali quitted the camp of Benown, Mr. Park was compelled to form part of his suite. During the journey, and on their arrival at Jarra, he suffered much from hunger and thirst; the barbarous Moors would not suffer his boy to fill the skin at the well, but often beat him for his presumption; every one being astonished that the slave of a Christian should attempt to draw water from the wells which had been dug by the followers of the prophet.

“This treatment,” says Mr. Park, “at length so frightened the boy, that I believe he would sooner have perished with thirst, than attempted again to fill the skin; he therefore contented himself with begging water from the Negro slaves that attended the camp; and I followed his example, but with very indifferent success; for though I let no opportunity slip, and was very urgent in my solicitations, both to the Moors and to the Negroes, I was but ill supplied, and frequently passed the night in the situation of Tantalus. No sooner had I shut my eyes, than fancy would

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convey me to the streams and rivers of my native land ; there, as I wandered along the verdant brink, I surveyed the clear stream with transport, and hastened to swallow the delightful draught ; but, alas ! disappointment awakened me ; and I found myself a lonely captive, perishing of thirst amidst the wilds of Africa !

“ One night having solicited in vain for water at the camp, and being quite feverish, I resolved to try my fortune at the wells, which were about half a mile distant from the camp. Accordingly I set out about midnight, and being guided by the lowing of the cattle, soon arrived at the place ; where I found the Moors were busy drawing water. I requested permission to drink, but was driven away with outrageous abuse. Passing, however, from one well to another, I came at last to one where there was only an old man and two boys. I made the same request to this man, and he immediately drew me a bucket of water ; but as I was about to take hold of it, he recollected that I was a Christian, and fearing that his bucket might be polluted by my lips, he dashed the water into the trough, and told me to drink from thence. Though this trough was none of the largest, and three cows were already drinking in it, I resolved to come in for my share ; and kneeling down, thrust my head between two of the cows, and drank with great pleasure, until the water was nearly exhausted, and the cows began to contend with each other for the last mouthful.”

Fortunately for Mr. Park, Ali returned to the camp at Benown, leaving him a prisoner at Jarra, which enabled him to make his escape ; but being destitute of a single bead, or any article of value to purchase

provisions, he suffered greatly from hunger and thirst as he proceeded through the Wilderness ; at one time he was providentially relieved by a fall of rain---at another, a poor woman gave him a little food, and he was once hospitably received by a shepherd at a Foulah village. Fortunately he was enabled to sustain all his privations, and prosecute the darling object of his soul---that of further exploring the interior of Africa.

ALGERINE SLAVES AT GENOA.

The cruelties of the Algerines to their slaves, is amply retaliated by the Genoese, on such Algerines as fall into their hands. Dupaty, in his Letters on Italy, in 1785, gives an affecting picture of the galleys of Genoa, where “poverty and criminality are fettered by the same chain ; those who serve the Republic, partaking of the misery of those who betray it.” Speaking of the Algerine Turks taken at sea, who are condemned to the galleys at Genoa, he says :

“ ‘ What have we here ? ’ said I to a person who conducted me to a kind of prison or receptacle ; ‘ how low, dark, and humid ! What too, I pray you, are those animals lying on the ground, whose hideous heads appearing from beneath their wretched rugs, are covered with long and matted hair ? they seem unable to crawl ; yet what ferocity in their looks ! Ah ! do they eat only that black and hard bread ? ’ ‘ Nothing else. ’ ‘ Drink only that turbid water ? ’ ‘ That alone. ’ ‘ Do they always lie in that state ? ’ ‘ They do. ’ ‘ How long have they been here ? ’

‘*Twenty years.*’ ‘How old are they?’ ‘*Seventy.*’
‘What are they?’ ‘Algerine Turks.’

“These unhappy Mahometans are, indeed, so entirely thrust out from humanity, that they frequently lose the spontaneous movement of their limbs; and, indeed, enclosed as it were in a tomb, harden into idiotism.

“Captives under sixty when brought from labour, are chained in small open niches in a long wall, six feet asunder, in such a way as scarcely to be able either to sit or recline; in this state, they breathe the little air which is given to them, or rather which they steal.

“Let me add a conclusive trait for a picture of the gallies of Genoa. I have seen the bones and garbage abandoned by the dogs in the streets, carried from bench to bench, and sold to the galley slaves, who disputed for their possession with all the rage and selfishness of extreme hunger.”

“Genoa,” concludes Dupaty emphatically, “thy palaces are not so grand, so lofty, so numerous, or so brilliant, as they ought to be---they do not hide thy gallies!”

EAST INDIAN SLAVERY.

The state of slaves in the East is very different from that of the negroes in the West Indies. A man purchased by a Hindoo, or a Mahomedan, becomes one of his family, and is liable to no greater hardships than the son of his purchaser, and is frequently treated with as much consideration. The eldest servant of Abraham's house ruled over all that he had, and was charged by his master with the care of providing a wife for his only son; and the manners of

the East have been so stationary, that no material change has taken place in the situation of slaves. All the laborious occupations of husbandry, which European merchants force their slaves in foreign climates to perform, have always been carried on in the East by free-husbandmen, and all the mechanical arts by free persons of particular classes; so that the slaves could only be household servants, and by being constantly in the families to which they belonged, they acquired claims to tenderness and consideration, which were seldom, if ever, resisted.

NUNS OF CAMBRAY.

In the wreck of all human institutions which the French revolution produced, when the altar and the throne were alike overturned, and neither age, nor sex, nor rank, was any protection; it was not to be expected that the *Religieuses* should alone be spared.

In the summer of 1793, the convent of the English Benedictine Dames, at Cambray, was violated; the Nuns were hurried away without change of clothes or any other necessaries. They were then placed in open carts, and conveyed to Compeigne amidst a variety of insults and barbarous usage. Their place of confinement in this town, was the Infirmary of the Convent, in another part of which were seventeen Carmelite Nuns, formerly of the Convent of St. Denis, who were marked out by Robespierre and his sanguinary confederates as victims for the guillotine. They were led out to execution a few days after the arrival of the Cambray Nuns at the same prison, and although they could not converse with them by words, yet they took an affectionate and pious leave of them

from their windows, by the motions of their hands. They all died with the utmost firmness and composure, singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, until the fatal axe interrupted the voice of the last of them.

The English Nuns were for a long time in daily expectation of meeting the same fate. When they petitioned for a supply of clothes of which they stood greatly in need, their keepers in the most wanton and cruel manner, answered, "that they would very soon neither want clothes nor any thing else." At length, however, a parcel of left-off wearing apparel which had been the executioner's perquisite was sent to them. This consisted of the dresses of the nuns who had so recently suffered. Such a present, however despicable in the eyes of some, was to them more valuable than the robes of royalty; they received the clothes on their knees, kissing and bedewing them with their tears; and these constituted part of their mean apparel on their return to their native country.

Great were their sufferings during their tedious confinement, especially from the want of bread and fuel. These were dealt out to them in the most scanty proportions, and the former was of the very worst and most disgusting quality. Nor was it in their power by their needlework and industry, materially to mend their condition. At length, the scarcity of provisions increasing throughout every part of France, and the absurdity of detaining in confinement so many innocent sufferers, being perceived, those ladies obtained their liberty in April, 1795, and procured passports to return to their native country.

Of the twenty Nuns, originally expelled from their convent, five died during the rigours of their confinement. The rest reached England in safety, and

settled at Woolton near Liverpool, where they commenced a school for the education of young Catholic ladies, on the same plan as that established at Cambray.

BARBAROUS VICTOR.

The ferocious character of the recent war in South America, rarely permitted sparing the life of any prisoners that were taken by either party ; and the chiefs themselves were often sanguinary enough to put to death those whom the fortune of war placed in their power. At the battle of Calaboza the republican General Paez having been successful in one or two charges, by which he forced the royalists to retreat, he was in the highest of good humour, and an officer who had been taken by his men was brought to him ; he was mounted. The general asked him a few questions, and then directed his *man of business* to do his duty. The Spanish officer begged hard for his life. “ Well,” says Paez, “ ride to yonder tree,” pointing to one at some distance ; “ and when you get there, escape as fast as you can, and take care I do not come up with you !” The officer obeyed, and when he arrived at the tree, casting a glance behind him, commenced his race. Paez pursued, and soon overtook him, and was in the act of putting his lance through his body. The royalist, with some presence of mind, said, “ General Paez is too noble to take an advantage. My horse was tired, and could not gallop ; but if you, general, will give me your horse, and the same liberty, I think I could save my life.” “ Done !” answered Paez, and immediately the Spaniard was mounted on his horse. The distance was again pointed out ; the officer rode to the spot, and

started afresh. Paez in the meantime had mounted the jaded royalist charger. He started also, gained ground, and in about two miles came up with the unfortunate Spaniard, who immediately fell beneath the point of the insurgent general's spear. The race was witnessed by hundreds, and the air was soon filled with shouts of applause bestowed on the intrepid but sanguinary Paez.

FATAL SYMPATHY.

One of the prisoners in the Port Royal, or Port Libre, during the government of Robespierre, had brought a favourite dog with him to prison. The poor animal ate, drank, and slept with its master, until it was deprived of him by a denunciation from one of the prison spies, and his consequent death. The dog now became an interesting object in the prison, and was caressed by every body. One gentleman in particular, an intimate friend of the deceased, was overheard by one of these guillotine providers, as he was apostrophizing the poor beast in the following terms: "Poor fellow, what will now become of you? Your friend and master is gone." The eaves-dropper came up and said, "You, sir, who seem so much interested in the fate of this dog and his master, look to yourself; we shall contrive to settle your business." This threat was verified in a short time; the poor man's compassion for the dog cost him his life.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

During the confinement of this Princess in Fotheringay Castle, she lamented her hard fate in some

elegant verses written in French in her own hand, of which the following is a translation :

“ Alas, what am I ? and in what estate ?

A wretched corse bereaved of its heart ;

An empty shadow, lost, unfortunate :

To die, is now in life my only part.

Foes to my greatness, let your envy rest,

In me no taste for grandeur now is found :

Consum'd by grief, with heavy ills oppress'd,

Your wishes and desires will soon be crown'd.

And you, my friends, who still have held me dear,

Bethink you, that when health and heart are fled,

And every hope of future good is dead,

'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here ;

And that this punishment on earth is given,

That my pure soul may rise to endless bliss in
heaven.”

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

A singular instance of escape after condemnation, occurred during the French revolution. A number of persons returning back to prison, after sentence was passed on them to be guillotined the next morning, were tied together by the hands, two and two with a cord, and were escorted by a guard. In their way, they were met by a woman, who, with loud cries, declared that her husband, who was one of the party, was a good citizen, and had been unjustly condemned. The judge who had condemned them passing at the moment, ordered the man to be unbound, and after examining him, directed him to be set at liberty on the spot.

This affair having brought a number of people together, the prisoners became mixed with the crowd,

when the companion of the man liberated finding himself single and unobserved, thrust his hand with the cord round it into his breast, and hastened to the port, which was not far off. He jumped into a boat, and ordered the boatman to row in all haste to the other end of the port. He had no money, and could not give the rope by which he had been bound to the boatman for his fare, which he accepted. The liberated victim then walked off to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, where he remained concealed for the rest of the day. In the night he made his escape from the town, and in a few days was in perfect safety out of France.

SIR W. SIDNEY SMITH.

The gallant officer to whom these Anecdotes are inscribed, in attempting to take an armed vessel out of the harbour of Havre de Grace, in April, 1796, was, with three of his officers and sixteen of his crew, made prisoners. The French, happy in gaining possession of so distinguished an enemy, conveyed him to the capital, where he was kept in close confinement. The British government, desirous of his release, sent over Captain Bergeret, commander of *La Virginie*, in July following, to be exchanged for him; but the Directory refused to accede to the terms, upon which the French Captain returned to England, saying, "He preferred death to dishonour."

After being closely confined for upwards of two years, Sir Sidney at length made his escape in April, 1798. The following is generally understood to have been the manner of his emancipation. The Executive Directory had ordered him, along with three

other prisoners, to be removed from the capital to another part of the country, under a strong escort of cavalry. On passing through several large streets, the carriage in which he was conveyed, was stopped by a crowd in a narrow street, where considerable confusion prevailed from an affray among a number of women; one of whom had thrown herself on the carriage from a two pair of stairs window. During the tumult, the municipal officers being unable to quell the disturbance, called on the guard over the captives to assist, while the drivers and all the inhabitants were directing their whole attention to the tumultuous scene. This favourable moment was seized by the prisoners, who left the coach and escaped out of town. One of them was a native of the country, and knew it well; he led them through bye-roads, and at night they took shelter in the woods.

Sir Sidney's perfect knowledge of the French language, and his unembarrassed behaviour, secured them from suspicion, and facilitated their escape to the coast, with which the emigrant was well acquainted. In a small creek, they found an open boat with oars, into which they instantly jumped, and put to sea without loss of time. After tugging and rowing till they were almost worn out, the Argo frigate, Captain Bowen, hove in sight, to whom they made the best signals in their power; happily they were seen, taken up, and safely landed at Portsmouth; from which place they immediately set off to town.

Whilst Sir Sidney was a prisoner in the Temple, the celebrated Mrs. Cosway contrived to obtain a sight of him from a window, and thus made an admirable sketch of his portrait as he sat by the bar of his prison.

REDEMPTION OF BRITISH SUBJECTS BY
GEORGE II.

George II. having been informed that many of his subjects had the misfortune to be taken into slavery by the Barbary Corsairs, gave orders to Mr. Zollicoffre, the British Ambassador at the court of the Emperor of Morocco, to negociate for their release. In consequence of this royal interference, one hundred and forty natives of England, Scotland, and Ireland were liberated and brought to London in 1759. Previously to their returning to their respective homes, the redeemed captives assembled at St. James's Palace, and were presented to the King, to whom they expressed their heartfelt gratitude. His majesty asked them many questions, and ordered them a handsome gratuity out of the privy purse. Many noblemen and gentlemen present at this interesting scene, influenced by his majesty's benevolence, made considerable contributions to their common stock.

It appeared from the accounts given by these captives, (many of whom were masters of vessels) that slaves were treated in Barbary with a severity and rigour unknown even in the piratical states of Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli. All were the property of the Emperor of Morocco; they were employed without ceasing in the hardest and meanest occupations, fed with a sort of coarse barley cake, soaked in oil, which they were obliged to eat while they were busied in their grievous drudgery. Their lodging at night was a subterraneous cave, five fathoms

deep, into which they descended by a rope ladder. This was afterwards drawn up, and the mouth of the cave secured by an iron grate. They were dressed in long coarse woollen coats, with hoods, which were the only articles of clothing they were allowed. To crown their misery, these ill-fated persons were harnessed in carts with mules and asses, and more unmercifully lashed than their brute companions.

GENEROUS CONFIDENCE REWARDED.

Topal Osman, when about the age of twenty-five, was sent on a mission from Constantinople to the Bashaw of Cairo. At Said, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel bound to Damietta. In this short passage the vessel was attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a bloody action ensued. Topal Osman gave here the first proofs of that intrepidity, by which he was so often signalized afterwards. The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh.

Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish captain to pay him particular regard; but his wounds were still in a bad way, when he was carried to Malta, where the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was most dangerous, and he was lame of it ever after, whence he got the name of Topal, or Cripple.

At that time Vincent Arnaud, a native of Marseilles, was commander of the Port of Malta, who, as his duty required, went on board the privateer as soon as she came to anchor. Osman no sooner saw

Arnaud, than he said to him, "Can you do a generous and gallant action? Ransom me, and take my word you shall lose nothing by it." Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered, made an impression on the Frenchman; who turning to the captain of the privateer, asked what he demanded for the ransom? He answered, "A thousand sequins." Arnaud turning to the Turk, said, "I know nothing of you; and would you have me risk a thousand sequins on your bare word?" "Each of us act in this," replied the Turk, "with consistency. I am in chains, and therefore try every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust the word of a stranger. I have nothing at present but my bare word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent it." The air with which Osman delivered himself so wrought upon Arnaud, that he agreed to pay the captain six hundred sequins, the price of Osman's liberty; furnished him with a vessel of his own to proceed to Damietta, and shewed him various other marks of generosity and friendship.

The French colours now protected Osman from the privateers. In a short time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cairo. No sooner was he arrived there, than he delivered one thousand sequins to the master of the vessel, to be paid to his benefactor, Arnaud, together with some rich furs; and he gave to the master himself five hundred crowns as a present. He executed his mission to the Bashaw of

Cairo ; and setting out for Constantinople, was the first who brought the news of his slavery.

The favour received from Arnaud in such circumstances made an impression upon a generous mind, too deep ever to be eradicated. During the whole course of his life, Osman did not cease by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify his gratitude.

After a rapid career of advancement, Osman attained in September, 1730, the highest post in the Ottoman empire---that of Grand Vizier. He no sooner arrived at Constantinople to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French Ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his good fortune ; and that he should hasten to Constantinople while things remained in their present situation, adding, that a Grand Vizier seldom kept long in his station.

In January, 1732, Arnaud, with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with him a variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery. Osman received them in the presence of the great officers of state with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him, and pointing to the ransomed Turks, “ Behold,” says he, “ these your brethren, now enjoying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery : this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave, loaded with chains, streaming in blood, covered with wounds ; this is the man who redeemed and saved me ; this is my master and benefactor ; to him am I indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom ; sent me away upon my bare word, and gave

me a ship to carry me. When was ever a Mussulman capable of such generosity?"

While Osman was speaking all eyes were fixed upon Arnaud, who held the Grand Vizier's hands closely locked between his own. The vizier then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune; heard their answers with kindness and attention; and then ended with an Arabic sentence, *Allah Kerim* (the providence of God is great).

Osman caused Arnaud and his son to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks, and also made them large presents of the most precious articles of the East. As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same.

RASP HOUSE OF AMSTERDAM.

The celebrated Mr. Howard illustrates the good effect of a system of labour in prison by the following anecdote: "I have heard that a countryman of ours, who was a prisoner in the Rasp House at Amsterdam several years, was permitted to work at his own trade, shoe making; and by being constantly kept employed, was quite cured of the vices that were the cause of his confinement. My informant added, that the prisoner received at his release a surplus of his earnings, which enabled him to set up his trade in London, where he lived in credit; and at dinner commonly drank, 'Health to his worthy masters at the Rasp House.'"

TRIAL OF GRATITUDE.

Ali-ibn-abbas, favourite of the Caliph Mamoun, relates a story that happened to himself. "I was," says he, "one evening with the Caliph, when a man, bound hand and foot, was brought in. Mamoun ordered me to keep a watchful eye over the prisoner, and to bring him the next day. The Caliph seemed greatly irritated, and the fear of exposing myself to his resentment, induced me to confine the prisoner in my haram. I asked him what country he was of? he said Damascus, and that his habitation was in the quarter of the Great Mosque. 'May heaven,' cried I, 'shower down on the city of Damascus, and particularly on your quarter---I owe my life to a man that lived there.' These words excited his curiosity, and I thus proceeded. 'It is many years since the victory of Damascus was deposed. I accompanied his successor; and when we were about to take possession, the deposed governor assaulted us with superior force. I escaped out of a window, and observing a palace open, I supplicated the master to save my life. He conducted me into the apartment of his women, where I continued a month in perfect security. One day I was informed by my host, that a caravan was setting out for Bagdad; and that I could not wish a more favourable opportunity for returning home. I had no money; and I was ashamed to own it. He perceived my distress, but, in appearance, took no notice. How great was my surprise, when, on the day of my departure, a fine horse was brought me, a mule loaded with provisions, and a black slave to at-

tend me ! My generous host presented me at the same time a purse of gold, and conducted me himself to the caravan, recommending me to several of the travellers, who were his friends. These kindnesses I received in your city, which rendered it dear to me. All my concern is, that I have not been able to discover my generous benefactor. I should die content, could I find an opportunity to testify my gratitude.' 'Your wishes are accomplished,' cried my prisoner in transport : 'I am he who received you in my place.' I embraced him with tears, took off his chains, and enquired by what fatality he had incurred the Caliph's displeasure? 'Some contemptible enemies,' he replied, 'have found means to asperse me unjustly to Mamoun. I was hurried from Damascus, and cruelly denied the consolation of embracing my wife and children. As I have reason to apprehend the worst, I request you to acquaint them with my misfortunes.' 'No, no,' said I, 'you shall not die : be at liberty from this moment. Depart immediately, (presenting him with a thousand sequins in a purse) : hasten to rejoin the precious objects of your affection ; let the Caliph's indignation fall on me ; I dread it not, if I preserve your life.' 'What a proposal do you make !' answered my prisoner. "Can you think me capable of accepting it? Shall I sacrifice that life now which I formerly saved? Endeavour to convince the Caliph of my innocence, the only proof I will admit of your gratitude. If you cannot undeceive him, I will go myself and offer my head : let him dispose of my life, provided your's be safe.'

"I presented myself next morning before Mamoun. He was dressed in a crimson-coloured mantle, a symbol

of his anger. He enquired where my prisoner was, and ordered the executioner to attend. 'My lord,' said I, throwing myself at his feet, 'something very extraordinary has happened with regard to him. Will your majesty permit me to explain it?' These words threw him into a passion. 'I swear,' said he, 'by the soul of my ancestors, that thy head shall pay for it, if thou hast suffered the prisoner to escape.' Both my life and his are at your majesty's disposal; but vouchsafe to hear me. 'Speak,' said he. I then related in what manner the prisoner had saved my life at Damascus; that in gratitude I had offered him his liberty, but that he had refused it, from the fear of exposing me to death. 'My lord,' added I, 'he is not guilty. A man of such generous sentiments is incapable of committing an odious crime. Some base detractors have calumniated him; and he has become the unfortunate victim of their envy.' The Caliph was moved, and his great soul led him to admire the heroism of my friend. 'I pardon him,' said Mamoun, 'on thy account. Go carry the good news, and bring him to me.' The monarch ordered him to be clothed with a robe of honour, presented him with ten horses, ten mules, and ten camels, out of his own stables. He added a purse of sequins for the expence of his journey, and gave him a letter of recommendation to the governor of Damascus."

A DEAD SLEEP.

A tradesman of Lyons, of the name of Grivet, was, during the reign of terror in France, sentenced to death. He was brought into the cave of the con-

demned, where there was several others, who, with him, were to suffer the next morning. On his arrival they pressed round him, to sympathize in his fate, and fortify him for the stroke he was about to encounter. But Grivet was calm and composed. "Come and sup with us," said they, "this is the last inn in the journey of life; to-morrow we shall arrive at our long home." Grivet accepted the invitation, supped heartily, and then retiring to the remotest corner of the cave, buried himself in the straw, and went to sleep. The morning arrived; the other prisoners were tied together and led away to execution, without Grivet's perceiving anything, or being perceived. He was fast asleep. The door of the cave was locked, and when he awoke, he was astonished to find himself in perfect solitude. Four days passed without any new prisoners being brought in, (a rare occurrence!) during which, Grivet subsisted on some provisions which he found scattered about the cave. On the evening of the fourth day the turnkey brought in a new prisoner, and was thunderstruck on seeing a man, or, as he almost believed it, a spirit in the cave. He called the sentinels, and having interrogated Grivet, found that he had been left in the cave four days ago. He hastened to the tribunal to excuse himself for what had happened. Grivet was summoned before it. It was a moment of lenity with the judges, and Grivet was set at liberty.

A GOOD SANS-CULOTTE

In a gloomy chamber of a prison in Lyons, no less than eighty persons were confined, on charges of

having conspired against the safety of the republic. A large blue cloak was suspended upon two nails against one of the walls. This circumstance, trivial in itself, suggested to Charbonnieres, one of the prisoners, the idea of attempting an escape. Behind this cloak he busily employed himself in scraping out the cement which held the stones of the walls together, while most of his fellow prisoners were taking the air or sleeping. Three only of his companions were associated in the plot; one carried away in his pockets the mortar as it was scraped out, which he scattered among the straw, while the other two were either singing or quarelling, to occupy the attention of the others, and prevent their hearing Charbonnieres. One day while the uproar was unusually great, a large stone which had been detached, was, by a violent effort of Charbonnieres, pushed through on the other side. This was all he wanted; he came from behind his place of concealment, and laid himself down on the straw.

When night came, Charbonnieres and his associates went to explore the opening he had made, when to their great disappointment, they found that it only led into a neighbouring church, then used as a military magazine, and shut up with locks and bars, which it was impossible to force with the instruments they possessed. So far, however, were they from being disheartened, that they resolved to break through the walls of the church. With the same instruments which had hitherto served them, the tongues of their buckles, and the blade of an old knife, they began their operations in a corner of the church, opposite to the wall of the prison. Unfortunately,

the person who had the charge of the magazine, lodged directly behind this spot. The deadened noise which he at first heard becoming every night more distinct, he began to suspect what was doing, when some fragments of stone and mortar falling into his chamber, confirmed his suspicion. It was midnight; he arose hastily, and gave information of what he had witnessed to the turnkey in waiting. Having called a guard, they violently broke open the doors of the chamber; and after examining the walls, to their utter astonishment, and that of the rest of the prisoners, discovered the breach that had been effected behind the cloak.

In vain did the prisoners protest their innocence---irons were brought, and the turnkey swore they should all be removed to solitary dungeons. The irons were produced, and four already shackled, when Charbonnieres suddenly started up as from a profound sleep. With the air and manner of a general accustomed to command and brave every danger, he cried out, "Hold! all those men whom you have thrown into so much terror, are innocent. But would you know the real author of the project? behold me, it is I; and to no one will I yield the honour of having conceived the idea, though I had associates in my endeavours to carry it into execution. The three men who still feign to sleep, have been sharers in my labours, though they have not magnanimity enough to avow it." Then addressing himself to the turnkey, he proceeded: "My interest is to endeavour to quit this place; yours is to detain me and guard me well. I have fulfilled my duty; now do

yours ; bring hither the irons, I am prepared to receive them."

A profound silence was observed by every one during this harangue. Charbonnieres sat down, had the irons fixed on his legs, and then went cheerfully to be immured in his dungeon. He remained here some time, but was ultimately set at liberty, as a good Sans-culotte, without wealth, and without crime.

MIDNIGHT.

When the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien was awakened in his cell at Valenciennes, to be led to the place of execution, he asked the officer who brought the order, "What do you want?" The officer made no answer. "What o'clock is it?" "Midnight," answered the officer with a faltering voice. "Midnight!" exclaimed the prince ; "Oh, I know what brings you here ; this hour is fatal to me---it was at midnight that I was taken from my house at Ettenheim---at midnight the dungeon at Strasburgh was opened for me---at midnight again I was taken out to be brought here---it is now midnight, and I have lived long enough to know how to die!"

ESCAPE OF LAVALETTE.

The device adopted by the Countess of Nithsdale to rescue her husband from an ignominious death, was imitated with equal success by Madame Lavalette, in 1815.

M. Lavalette had been condemned for his adherence to the cause of Bonaparte, to suffer death. The eve of the day of execution, the 24th of December, had already arrived ; and all hope of saving him had been abandoned, except by one heroic woman alone.

Madame Lavalette's health had been very seriously impaired by her previous sufferings ; and for several weeks preceding, in order to avoid the movement of her carriage, she had used a sedan chair. About half-past three, on the afternoon of the 23d, she arrived at the Conciergerie, seated as usual in this chair, and clothed in a furred riding coat of red merino, with a large black hat and feathers on her head. She was accompanied by her daughter, a young lady of about twelve years of age, and an elderly woman, attached to M. Lavalette's service, of the name of Dutoit. The chair was ordered to wait for her at the gate of the Conciergerie.

At five o'clock Jacques Eberle, one of the wicket keepers of the Conciergerie, who had been specially appointed by the keeper of the prison, to the guard and service of Lavalette, took his dinner to him, of which Madame and Mademoiselle Lavalette, and the widow Dutoit, partook.

After dinner, which lasted an hour, Eberle served up coffee, and left Lavalette's apartment, with orders not to return till he was rung for.

Towards seven o'clock the bell rang. Roquette, the gaoler, was at that moment near the fire-place of the hall, with Eberle, to whom he immediately gave orders to go into Lavalette's chamber. Roquette heard Eberle open the door which led to that chamber,

and immediately after he saw three persons, dressed in female attire, advance, who were followed by Eberle. The person whom he took to be Madame Lavalette, was attired in a dress exactly the same as she was, in every particular, and to all outward appearance, no one could have imagined but that they saw that lady herself passing before them. A white handkerchief covered the face of this person, who seemed to be sobbing heavily, while Mademoiselle Lavalette, who walked by the side, uttered the most lamentable cries. Every thing presented the spectacle of a family given up to the feelings of a last adieu. The keeper melted, and deceived by the disguise and scanty light of two lamps, had not the power, as he afterwards said, to take away the handkerchief which concealed the features of the principal individual in the groupe ; and instead of performing his duty, presented his hand to the person, (as he had been used to do to Madame Lavalette,) whom he conducted, along with the other two persons, to the last wicket. Eberle then stepped forward, and ran to call Madame Lavalette's chair. It came instantly ; the feigned Madame Lavalette stepped into it, and was slowly carried forward, followed by Mademoiselle Lavalette and the widow Dutoit. When they had reached the Quay des Orfevres, they stopped ; Lavalette came out of the chair, and in an instant disappeared.

Soon after the keeper, Roquette, entered the chamber of Lavalette, where he saw no one, but heard some one stirring behind a screen which formed part of the furniture of the apartment. He concluded it was Lavalette, and withdrew without speaking. After

a few minutes, he returned a second time and called ; no one answered. He began to fear some mischief ; advanced beyond the screen ; and there saw Madame Lavalette. "*Il est parti !*" she tremulously ejaculated. " Ah ! Madame," exclaimed Roquette, " you have deceived me." He wished to run out to give the alarm, but Madame L. caught hold of him by the coat sleeve. " Stay, Monsieur Roquette, stay." " No, Madame, this is not to be borne." A struggle ensued, in which the coat was torn ; but Roquette at last forced himself away, and gave the alarm.

Lavalette, after having escaped from the Conciergerie, was still far from being out of danger. He had to get out of Paris ; out of France ; and a more difficult achievement it is difficult to conceive ; for the moment his escape was discovered, nothing could exceed the activity with which he was sought after by the agents of Government. Bills describing his person, with the greatest exactness, were quickly distributed all over France ; and there was not a post-master, postillion, or gendarme, on any of the roads, who had not one of them in his pocket. Lavalette sought the means of escape, not among those of his countrymen whom he knew to be attached to the cause for which he was persecuted ; nor even to those whom affection or gratitude bound to his family ; but among those strangers whose presence, as conquerors, on his native soil, he had so much cause to lament. He had heard, that to a truly British heart the pleadings of humanity were never made in vain ; and he was now to make the experiment in his own person, of the truth of the eulogium. On the 2nd or 3rd of January, he sent a person with an

unsigned letter to Mr. Michael Bruce, an English gentleman resident at Paris; in which, after extolling the goodness of his heart, the writer said, he was induced, by the confidence which he inspired, to disclose to him a great secret---that Lavalette was still in Paris; adding, that he (Bruce) alone could save him, and requesting him to send a letter to a certain place, stating whether he would embark in the generous design. Mr. Bruce was touched with commiseration; he spoke on this subject to two other countrymen, Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson; and the result was, that the whole three joined in a determination to afford the unfortunate fugitive every assistance in their power to complete his escape. The particulars of the scheme which they devised for this purpose, it would exceed our limits to detail; suffice it to say, that it was crowned with perfect success. Lavalette was conveyed in safety into a neutral territory, where he lived in quiet obscurity, until the fury of the party persecution which exiled him having exhausted itself, we have seen him restored, by a free pardon, to his country, his family, and his friends.

It was a gratifying thing to observe, that the tribute due to the conjugal heroism of Madame Lavalette, was universally paid both in France and throughout Europe; even party animosity, which was daily calling for the execution of the husband, did justice to the wife. When the heads of the different departments were each vindicating themselves to the king from any share in the blame of the escape, his majesty coolly replied, "I do not see that any body has done their duty, except Madame Lavalette."

P. I. DUMONT.

Among the persons liberated by Lord Exmouth, on his glorious triumph over the Algerines, was a Frenchman of the name of Pierre Joseph Dumont, who had endured a slavery of thirty-four years in Africa. He was one of the crew of the *Lievre*, which was wrecked by a storm on the coast of Africa, between Oran and Algiers. Sixty individuals perished in the waves; eighty escaped to land; out of these, about fifty were almost instantly massacred by the Koubals, a ferocious race, who were watching the effects of the tempest, and in the dead of night, rushed down on the helpless mariners, armed with sabre, lance, pistol, and musket. All who escaped death from this first assault of the savages, were seized by them next morning, while vainly endeavouring to find a place of shelter along the sandy beach; each prisoner had his arms bound across; and was then attached with a long cord to the tail of one of the Arab's horses. In this manner the unfortunate captives were dragged along for eight days, without being allowed any other subsistence than bread and water. At length they reached the mountain Felix, and were brought before the Sheik Osman. He enquired what country they were of; and being told France, exclaimed, "France, without faith; lawless, spiteful, malignant, devils! Let them be chained." The order was put into immediate execution. They were first stripped of their clothes, and supplied with nothing more than a sort of petticoat or trowsers. They were then bound together, two and two, to a large chain ten feet in length, and weighing about sixty

pounds ; and thus half naked and in irons, they were taken to the prison appropriated for slaves.

“ A little straw,” says Dumont, “ was allowed us to lie on, with a stone for a pillow, and permission to sleep, if we could ; but this was no easy matter, from the vermin that dropped down upon us, and which we destroyed by handfuls, starting up from sleep when we found them crawling about us. When the first morning came, my companion and I were not a little astonished, on surveying each other, to find our bodies covered with pustules, or blotches, full of dark and putrid blood. We seemed at a puzzle whether to laugh or cry in the presence of two thousand men, almost naked, arranged in two rows, and with beards of a frightful length. The first part of the morning’s occupation, with the greater part of them, was drinking large draughts of water out of human skulls, for want of more convenient vessels.

“ Although I felt my wounds extremely painful, particularly one inflicted by a lance, I was compelled to labour with the rest at six every morning, dragging along my chain. Our food for the day was three ears of Indian corn, which were thrown to us as if we were dogs.

“ After assisting in drawing a plough the whole day, with a dozen other slaves, I was brought back at night-fall to the prison, worn out with fatigue, and dreadfully beaten by the keepers while endeavouring to conform to their rules ; for their communication with us was usually by a word and a blow.”

All the time the slaves were at work, the Koubals formed a circle around them, not so much to prevent their running away, as to protect them from the lions

and tigers who would otherwise devour them. "There are always," says Dumont, "a hundred and fifty armed men to watch over the safety of an hundred slaves. But though the Koubals are incessantly on the look out, it will not prevent the lion from sometimes carrying off its prey, if greatly pressed by hunger. I was once an eye-witness of this, in the case of a Spaniard who had only moved four or five paces from his companion, when a lion from a thicket rushed on him, and succeeded in carrying him off. On the nearest sentinel giving the alarm, 'Have a care of the lion!' a number of Koubals instantly surrounded and shot the animal, but the Spaniard had already expired. One remarkable circumstance is, that the shouts and outcries of men drove the wild beast back into the woods, whereas peals of musketry drew numbers of them out of the forest, as if curiosity formed some part of their instinct."

"But nothing," continues Dumont, "could exceed the horrors of what we endured one day, from the prison taking fire, with all the slaves shut up in it. Though no lives were lost, our beards and hair were partly consumed. The water intended for our use was turned off, to extinguish the flames. The heat, and the torrents of smoke were suffocating, so that we foamed at the mouth; and, at one time, we were in apprehension of being burnt alive. No one thought of unloosing us, probably from a dread of some confusion and disorder, and only the usual quantities of water were dealt out to us, at the usual times; nor was this all, for a liberal distribution of the bamboo ensued, applied to some for setting fire to the place from negligence, to others, for not foreseeing the acci-

dent, and to others for an imputed criminal intention, as if they would take an advantage of such an opportunity to effect their escape.'

After being thirty-three years in slavery, Dumont was one of five hundred Christians who were exchanged for the two sons of Osman, taken prisoners by the Bey Titre. Dumont now became the slave of a new master, but received much better treatment; his irons were struck off, he was clothed, and had two black loaves of five ounces each, and seven or eight olives, allowed him daily.

At Algiers he remained eight months. At length, the great deliverer, Lord Exmouth, appeared before Algiers, and demanded the surrender of all the Christian slaves of every nation.

'The English, making preparations to bombard the city, we were all conducted, to the number of fifteen hundred, including thirty French, into an immense cavern at the top of the mountain of Algiers. Our journey thither occupied four hours.

'The minister of the Dey, without taking counsel with his master, had given orders that all the slaves should be beheaded. Four had fallen by the scymetar, when the Turks, who acted with reluctance, and who came far short of the Arabs in ferocity of character, despatched one of their party to the Dey, for permission to put a stop to this butchery, if possible. The courier addressed him with---"Thou seest the city in flames! why destroy the slaves? The Christian demanded them, and will it be in thy power to restore them?"

'In the interval between the courier's departure and his arrival with a counter order, which was from

four in the morning to ten at night, the bloody work of execution had been going on, and thirty-two heads had fallen under the scymetar.

‘Shouts of joy from the outside attested the arrival of a second message, and the indubitable fact that we were declared free. With hearts enlivened by hope, we rushed out of the cavern, and dragging our chains, pushed forward through brambles and thickets, regardless of the blood which streamed from our faces and bodies. No longer had we any feeling of our wounds. We were taken in by a number of English boats, and there it was that our last chains fell off, not without the deep sighs and regrets of three thousand renegados, who despaired of obtaining deliverance, and cursed the day wherein they apostatized from the Christian faith.’

JEFFERY HUDSON.

This famous English Dwarf, who contributed to the amusements of the court of Charles II. was so unfortunate, as to be twice taken by pirates and sold to slavery, and lastly to terminate his life in an English prison. Jeffery, whose height did not exceed eighteen inches until he had reached his thirtieth year, after which he shot up to three feet nine inches, and who was once actually served up to the royal table in a cold pie, had nevertheless a high opinion of his own consequence; nor was he thought even by others of insignificant consideration, having been employed as Envoy to fetch an accoucheur for the queen from France.

Soon after his return from his embassy, he quar-

relled at court with a gentleman of the name of Croft, whom he challenged. Mr. Croft coming to the rendezvous, armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged, that a real duel ensued ; and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put them more on a level, with the first fire he shot his antagonist dead. The duel having incurred the displeasure of his royal mistress, Jeffery was expelled the court, and sent to sea, when he was taken by a Turkish rover, and sold a slave into Barbary.

He did not remain long in slavery, but returned to England ; and in 1682 was committed to the Gatehouse, on suspicion of being concerned in the Popish plot. In this prison he terminated his eventful life, at the age of sixty-three.

SINGULAR COMMITTAL.

In 1717, the following singular commitment to the Bastile was made out by order of the Duke of Orleans, Regent during the minority of Louis XV. of France. " Laurence d'Henry, for disrespect to King George I. in not mentioning him in his Almanack as King of Great Britain." How long this unlucky Almanack-maker remained in prison, is unknown. The Register of the Bastile, when examined at the revolution, afforded no information on the subject.

SLAVERY IN PERSIA.

The slaves in Persia are not numerous, and cannot be distinguished by any peculiar habits or usages from the other classes, further than that they are

generally trusted and more favoured by their superiors. "The name of slave," says Sir John Malcolm, in his History of Persia, "in this country, may be said to imply confidence on one part and attachment on the other. They are mostly Georgians, or Africans, and being obtained or purchased when young, they are usually brought up in the Mahomedan religion. Their master, who takes the merit of their conversion, appropriates the females to the service of his wives; and when the males are at a proper age, he marries them to a female slave in the family, or to a free woman. Their children are brought up in the house, and have a rank only below relations. In almost every family of consequence, the person in whom the greatest trust is reposed, is a house-born slave; and instances of their betraying their charge, or abusing the confidence that is placed in them, are very rare.

CHARLES I.

This unfortunate monarch, while a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, being informed that he was in danger of assassination, concerted measures for an escape; but the governor, Colonel Hammond, being apprized of it, disconcerted the project; whereupon the king was confined a close prisoner, and all his faithful servants discharged and turned out of the garrison.

Some time after this he once more attempted to escape. One Osborne, a gentleman by birth, was appointed by Colonel Hammond as Gentleman Usher to the King, and became strongly devoted to his service. Osborne was one day addressed by one

Rolph, a captain in the garrison, a man of low extraction, but of an enterprising temper. He proposed enticing the king from the Castle, under pretence of procuring his escape, in order to murder him, which he said would be agreeable to parliament, and the means of gaining them comfortable establishments. Of this Osborne acquainted his majesty, who directed him to keep up the correspondence, hoping to convert the wicked intentions of this man, into the means of flight. Osborne therefore appeared to fall into Rolph's design.

In the mean time the king recommended him to try two soldiers, who not only embraced his party, but likewise brought over some of their brethren, who were to be sentinels near the place where the king intended to get out; this was a window secured with an iron bar, for the cutting of which he was provided with both a saw and a file. His majesty with great labour sawed this bar asunder. At midnight he came to the window, but on getting out discerning more, than the ordinary sentinels, he suspected he was discovered, shut the window, and retired to bed.

Rolph, who had begun to suspect that he was likely to fall a dupe to his own artifices, from some particulars communicated to him by a soldier, had placed an extra guard; and on discovering this attempt, acquainted the governor, who on going into the king's chamber found him in bed, the window bar cut in two, and taken out. Osborne fled, but afterwards laid the true state of this affair before the House of Lords, when Rolph was committed to prison for trial, but the grand jury threw out the bill.

The king was soon after removed to London, where he was tried, condemned, and beheaded.

PANGS OF REMEMBRANCE

An English gentleman travelling on the Continent, took refuge from a storm in the house of a countryman near Aix-la-Chapelle. The incident brought him into company with another gentleman who had taken shelter there from the same cause; he was a man somewhat advanced in years, yet still preserving all the stronger lines of a fine person and noble countenance. The owner of the house had a pointer dog chained up in the apartment in which the strangers were sitting; and the Englishman observed that whenever the dog rattled his chain, his fellow sojourner turned pale, and appeared moved even to agony. "The noise of the dog seems to affect you, sir," observed the Englishman. "It does," replied the stranger, feelingly, "and had you, my good sir, been as long confined by a chain as I have been, you would I believe be as much affected as I am, whenever the rattling of a chain sounded in your ears. It is a weakness I confess; but, alas! what else than weakness has the cruelty of his enemies left to poor Trenck?" An exclamation of surprise burst from the Englishman. "Yes," continued the stranger, "I am that Baron Trenck, of whom the world has heard so much." The Englishman owned the great satisfaction he had in meeting him; and after expressing in lively terms the sympathy which he felt for his misfortunes, intimated an earnest desire to know some of the particulars of his melancholy story; for as yet the narrative with which the public

have since become so familiar, had not been published. The baron very courteously complied ; and left the Englishman no cause to regret the accidental detention, which thus procured him the gratification of hearing one of the most interesting narratives of captivity in modern times from the mouth of the heroic sufferer himself.

VOLUNTARY CONFINEMENT.

Some time after the Eddystone Lighthouse was erected, a shoemaker engaged to be light-keeper. When in the boat which conveyed him thither, the skipper addressing him, said, "How happens it, friend Jacob, that you should choose to go and be cooped up here as a light-keeper, when you can on shore, as I am told, earn half a crown and three shillings a day in making leathern hose (leathern pipes so called); whereas the light-keeper's salary is but £25. a year, which is scarce ten shillings a week?" "Every one to his taste," replied Jacob promptly. "I go to be a light-keeper, because I don't like *confinement*." After this answer had produced its share of merriment, Jacob explained himself by saying, that he did not like to be *confined to work*.

At first there were only two light-keepers stationed on this solitary pile ; but an incident of a very extraordinary and distressing nature which occurred, shewed the necessity of an additional hand. One of the two keepers took ill, and died. The dilemma in which this occurrence left the survivor, was singularly painful. Apprehensive that if he tumbled the dead body into the sea, which was the only way

in his power to dispose of it, he might be charged with murder; he was induced for some time to let the dead body lie, in hopes that the attending boat might be able to land, and relieve him from the distress he was in. By degrees the body became so putrid, that it was not in his power to get quit of it without help, for it was near a month before the boat could effect a landing; and then it was not without the greatest difficulty that it could be done when they did land. To such a degree was the whole building filled with the stench of the corpse, that it was all they could do to get the dead body disposed of, and thrown into the sea; and it was some time after that before the rooms could be freed from the offensive stench that was left. What a situation for the solitary survivor to have been left in! What a price did he pay for an innocent reputation! The tale is a rival even to that of Mezentius.

IRONMONGERS COMPANY'S FUND FOR THE REDEMPTION OF SLAVES.

Mr. Thomas Betton, by his will, dated 15th of February, 1728, gave the residue of his estate to the Ironmonger's Company upon trust, to apply one full half of the interest and profits thereof, to the redemption of British slaves in Turkey or Barbary; and the remainder for other charitable purposes.

Mr. Betton was a Turkey merchant, who, in the course of his life, was a captive on the coast of Barbary, during which period, his sufferings led him deeply to commiserate the condition of those who might subsequently fall into the same unhappy state.

The known existence of this fund among the tribes, operates not only as a motive for preserving the life of the poor captive, but ensures to him also a less rigorous measure of treatment than he would probably otherwise experience.

We have not seen any statement of the total number of slaves redeemed by this fund, but it cannot but have been very considerable. The sum which they usually allow is £100 for each person; but there have been occasions on which they have given even more, as in the recent case of the crew of the brig *Surprise*, six in number, whose ransom was not effected for less than 5000 dollars.

TRIUMPH OF HUMANITY.

The piratical aggressions of the Algerines, and the cruel slavery to which they were for ages in the custom of dooming their Christian captives, had, at different times, provoked the indignation of European powers, and brought heavy inflictions of vengeance upon the barbarians. But to the united fleets of Britain and the Netherlands, under the command of Lord Exmouth, was reserved the glorious task of completing the triumph of humanity, by forcing the Algerine government to make a solemn renunciation for ever, of the practice of Christian slavery.

Most truly was it observed by Lord Exmouth, in his official despatch, announcing the victory of Algiers, that "To have been one of the humble instruments in the hands of Divine Providence, of bringing to reason a ferocious government, and destroying, for ever, the insufferable and horrid system of

Christian slavery, could never cease to be a source of delight and heartfelt comfort to every individual happy enough to be employed in it."

M. Salamé, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of interpreter, thus describes the anxiety of the slaves to escape from bondage.

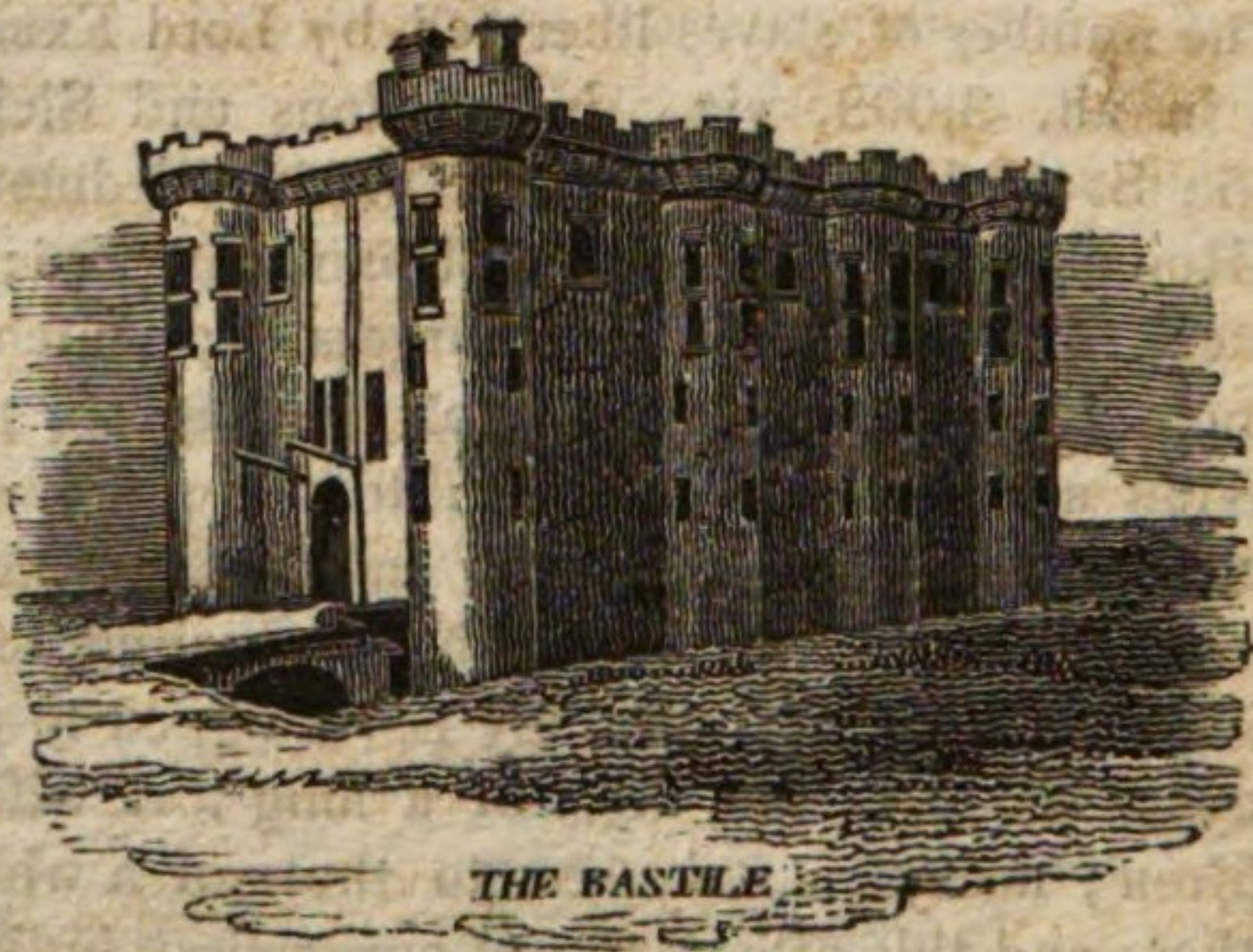
"When the British boats came inside the Mole, the slaves began to push and throw themselves by crowds, ten or twenty persons together. 'It was, indeed,' says M. Salamé, 'a most glorious and ever memorable merciful act, for England, over all Europe, to see these poor slaves, when our boats were shoving with them off the shore, all at once take off their hats, and exclaim in Italian, '*Vive il Ré d'Ingliterra, il padre eterno! e'l Ammiraglio Inglese che ci ha liberato da questo secondo inferno.*'---' Long live the King of England, the eternal father! and the English Admiral who delivered us from this second hell.'

The number of slaves liberated by Lord Exmouth, was in all, 3,003, viz. Neapolitans and Sicilians, 2056; Sardinians and Genoese, 463; Piedmontese, 6; Romans, 184; Tuscans, 6; Spaniards, 226; Portuguese, 1; Greeks, 7; Hamburgers, 4; Dutch, 28; French, 2; Austrians, 2; and of the English, 18.

What a noble consummation to the glory of the British arms! Thousands of captives restored to homes which they had probably despaired of ever seeing; to bosoms which they never hoped to press; many a father to the arms of a long-lost wife and children; many an only son to those of a widowed mother; and this after years of oppression, indignity, and indeed of ceaseless agony!

ARRESTED FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVI. AND FAMILY.

When the Royal Family of France were arrested in their attempted flight, and were on their return from Varennes to Paris, the Dauphin having remarked on the buttons of M. Barnave, one of the deputies appointed by the National Assembly to attend the royal prisoners, the device, "*To live free, or die,*" turned to his mother, and said, "Mamma, what does that mean, *to live free?*" "My child," replied the queen, "it is to go where you please." "Ah, mamma!" rejoined the infant quickly, "then we are not free!"



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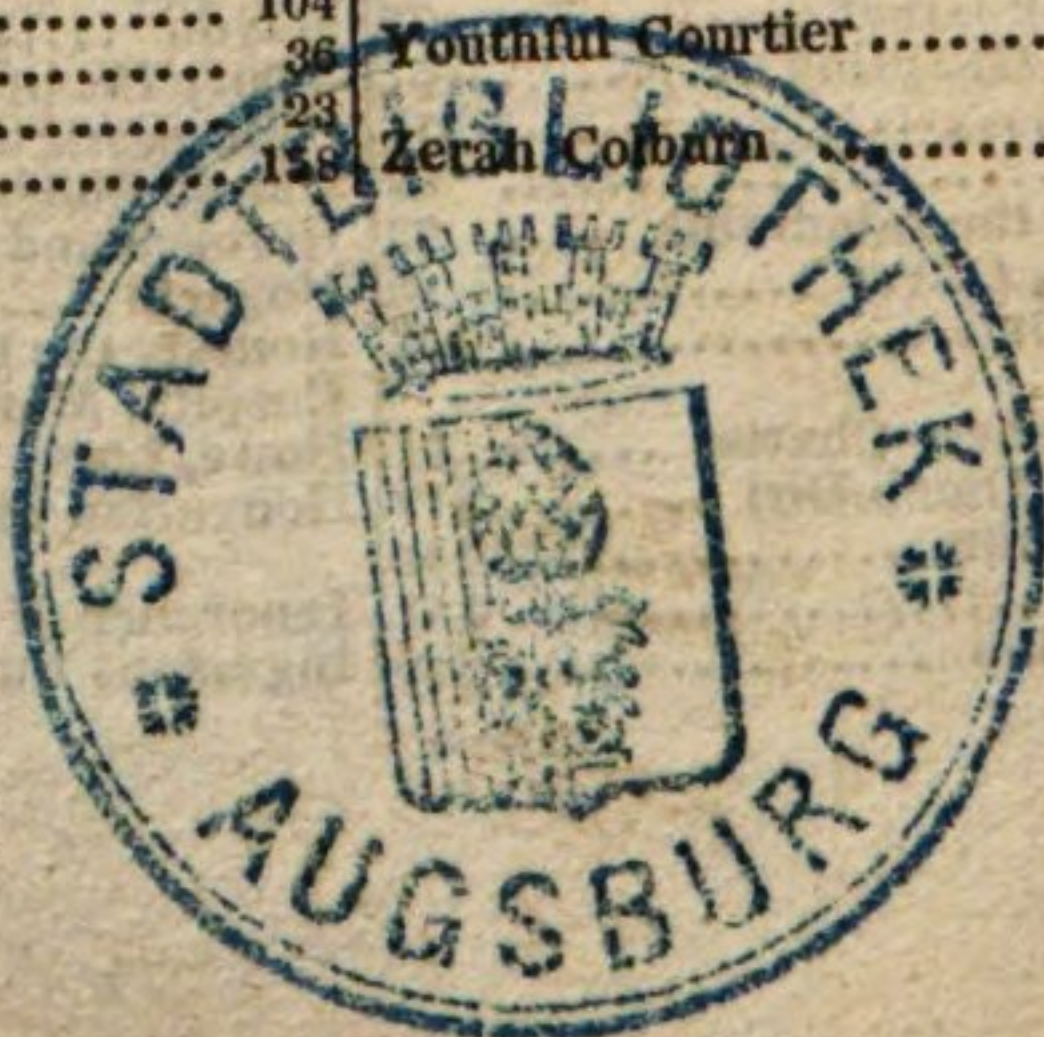
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